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THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1922.

OVINGTON'S BANK.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE news of the failures which convulsed the City on that Black Monday did not reach Aldersbury until late on the Tuesday—the tidings came in with the mails. But hours before that, and even before the opening of the bank, things in the town had come to a climax. The women, always more practical than the men and less squeamish, had taken fright and been talking. In many a back parlour in Maerdol, and the Foregate, and on the Cop, wives had spoken their minds. They wouldn't be scared out of asking for their own, by any banker that ever lived, they said. Not they! 'Would you, Mrs. Gittins?' quoth one.

'Not I, ma'am, if I had it to ask for, as your Goodman has. I'd not sleep another night before I had it tight and right.'

'No more he shall! What, rob his children for fear of a stuffy old man's black looks? But I'll see him in the bank myself, and see that he brings it out, too! I'll answer for that!'

'And you're in the right, ma'am, seeing it's yours. Money's not that easy got we're to be robbed of it. Now those notes with C.O. on them they're money anyways, I suppose? There's nothing can alter them, I'm thinking. I've two of them at home, that my lad—'

'Oh, Mrs. Gittins!' And superior information raised its hands in horror. 'You understand nothing at all. Don't you know they're the worst of all? If those shutters—go—up at that bank,' dramatically, 'they'll not be worth the paper they're printed on! You take my advice and go this very minute and buy something at Purslow's or Bowdler's, and get them changed. And you'll thank me for that word, Mrs. Gittins, as long as you live.'

Upset was not the word for Mrs. Gittins, who had thought herself outside the fray. 'Well, they be thieves and liars!' she gasped. 'And Dean's too, ma'am? You don't mean to say——'

'I wouldn't answer even for them,' darkly. 'If you ask me, I'd let someone else have 'em, Mrs. Gittins. Thank the Lord, I've none of them on my mind!'

And on that Mrs. Gittins waddled away, and two minutes later stood in Purslow's shop, inwardly 'all of a twitter,' but outwardly looking as if butter would not melt in her mouth. But, alas! Purslow's was out of change that day; and so, strange to say, was Bowdler's. Most unlucky—great scarcity of silver—Government's fault—should they book it? But Mrs. Gittins, although she was all of a twitter, as she explained afterwards, was not so innocent as that, and got away without making her purchase.

Still, that was the way talk went, up and down Bride Hill and in Shocklatch, at front door and back door alike. And the men were not ill-content to be bidden. Some had passed a sleepless night, and had already made up their minds not to pass another. Others had had a nudge or a jog of the elbow from a knowing friend, and had been made as wise by a raised eyebrow as by an hour's sermon. Worse still, some had got hold of a story first set afloat at the Gullet, the ancient low-browed tavern in the passage by the Market Place, where punch flowed of a night, and the tradesmen of the town and some of their betters were in the habit of supping, as their fathers and grandfathers had supped before them. Arthur's departure, quickly followed by Clement's—after dark and in a post-chaise, mark you!—had not passed without comment; and a wisacre had been found to explain it. At first he had confined himself to nods and winks, but being cornered and at the same time uplifted by liquor—for though the curious could taste saloop at the Gullet, Heathcote's ale was more to the taste of the habitués, when they did not run to punch—he had whispered a word, which had speedily passed round the circle and not been very slow to go beyond it.

'Gone! Of course they're gone!' was the knowing one's verdict. 'And you'll see the old man will be gone, too, before morning, and the strong-box with him! Open? No, they'll not open! Never again, ten o'clock or no ten o'clock. Well, if you must have it, I got it from Wolley not an hour back. And he ought to know. Wasn't he hand and glove with them?

Director of the—oh, the Railroad Shares? Waste paper! Never were worth more, my lad. If you put your money into that, it's on its way to London by this time!

'And Boulogne to-morrow,' said another, going one better, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. 'I'm seventy-five down by them, and that's the worst and the best for me! Those that are in deeper, I'm sorry for them, but they've only themselves to thank! It's been plain this month past what was going to happen.'

One or two were tempted to ask him why he hadn't drawn out his seventy-five pounds, if he had been so sure. But they refrained, having a wambling, a sort of sick feeling in the pit of their stomachs. He was a rude, overbearing fellow, and there was no knowing what he might not bring out by way of retort.

The upshot of this and of a hundred other reports which ran about the town like wild-fire, was that a full twenty minutes before the bank opened on the Tuesday, its doors were the butt of a hundred eyes. People, gathering in knots in the High Street and on the Market Place, awaited the hour; while others took up their stand in the dingy old Butter Cross a little above the bank, where day in and day out old crones sat knitting and the poultry women's baskets stood on market days. Few thought any longer of concealment; the time for that was past, the feeling of anxiety was too deep and too widespread. Men came together openly, spoke of their fears and cursed the banker, or fingered their pass-books, and compared the packets of notes that they had with them.

Some watched the historic clock, but more watched, and more eagerly, the bank. The door, the opening of which, if it were ever opened, meant so much to so many, must have shrunk, seasoned wood as it was, under the intensity of the gaze fixed upon it; while the windows of the bank-house—ugh! the pretender, to set himself up after that fashion, while all the time he was robbing the poor!—were exposed to a fire as constant. Not a curtain moved or a blind was lowered but the action was marked and analysed, deductions drawn from it, and arguments based upon it. That was Ovington's bedroom! No, that. And there was his girl at the lower window—but he would not have been likely to take her with him in any case.

As a fact, had they been on the watch a little earlier, they would have been spared one anxiety. For about nine o'clock Ovington had left the house, crossed with a grave face to the Market Place, and rung the bell at Dean's. He had entered after

a brief parley with an amazed manservant, had been admitted to see one of the partners, and at a cost to his pride, which only he could measure, the banker had stooped to ask for help. Between concerns doing business in the same town, relations must exist and transactions must pass even when they are in competition; and Dean's and Ovington's had been no exceptions to the rule. But the elder bank had never forgotten that they had once enjoyed a monopoly. They had neither abandoned their claims nor made any secret of their hostility, and Ovington knew that it was to the last degree unlikely that they would support him, even if they had the power to do so.

But he had convinced himself that it was his duty to make the attempt, however hopeless it might seem, and however painful to himself—and few things in his life had been more painful. To play the suppliant, he who had raised his head so high, and by virtue of an undoubted touch of genius had carried it so loftily, this was bad enough. But to play the suppliant to the very persons on whom he had trespassed, and whom he had defied, to open his distresses to those to whom he had affected to teach a newer and sounder practice, to acknowledge in act, if not in word, that they had been right and he wrong, this indeed was enough to wring the proud man's heart, and bring the perspiration to his brow.

Yet he performed the task with the dignity, of which, as he had risen in the world, he had learned the trick, and which even at this moment did not desert him. 'I am going to be frank with you, Mr. Dean,' he said when the door had closed on the servant and the two stood eye to eye. 'There is going I fear, to be a run on me to-day, and unfortunately I have been disappointed in a sum of twelve thousand pounds, which I expected to receive. I do not need the whole, two-thirds of the sum will meet all the demands which are likely to be made upon me, and to cover that sum I can lodge undeniable security, bills with good names—I have a list here and you can examine it. I suggest, Mr. Dean, that in your own interests as well as in mine you help me. For if I am compelled to close—and I cannot deny that I may have to close, though I trust for a short time only—it is certain that a very serious run will be made upon you.'

Mr. Dean's eyes remained cold and unresponsive. 'We are prepared to meet it,' he answered frostily. 'We are not afraid.' He was a tall man, thin and dry, without a spark of imagination, or enterprise. A man whose view was limited to his ledger, and

who, if he had not inherited a business, would never have created one.

'You are aware that Poles' and Williams's have failed?'

'Yes. I believe that our information is up to date.'

'And that Garrard's at Hereford closed yesterday?'

'I am sorry to hear it.'

'The times are very serious, Mr. Dean. Very serious.'

'We have foreseen that,' the other replied. They were both standing. 'The truth is, we are paying for a period of reckless trading, encouraged in my humble opinion, Mr. Ovington—he could not refrain from the stab—' by those who should have restrained it.'

Ovington let that pass. He had too much at stake to retort. 'Possibly,' he said. 'Possibly. But we have now to deal with the present—as it exists. It is on public rather than on private grounds that I appeal to you, Mr. Dean. A disaster threatens the community. I appeal to you to help me to avert it. As I have said, securities shall be placed in your hands, more than sufficient to cover the risk. Approved securities to your satisfaction.'

But the other shook his head. He was enjoying his triumph—a triumph beyond his hopes. 'What you suggest,' he said, a faint note of sarcasm in his tone, 'comes to this, Mr. Ovington—that we pool resources? That is how I understand you?'

'Practically.'

'Well, I am afraid that in justice to our customers I must reply that we cannot do that. We must think of them first, and of ourselves next.'

Ovington took up his hat. The other's tone was coldly decisive. Still he made a last effort. 'Here is the list,' he said. 'Perhaps if you and your brother went over it at your leisure?'

But Dean waved the list away. 'It would be useless,' he said. 'Quite useless. We could not entertain the idea.' He was already anticipating the enjoyment with which he would tell his brother the news.

With a heavy heart, Ovington replaced the list in his breast pocket. 'Very good,' he said. His face was grave. 'I did not expect—to be frank—any other answer, Mr. Dean. But I thought it was my duty to see you. I regret your decision. Good-morning.'

'Good-morning,' the other banker replied, and he rang for his man-servant.

'They're gone,' he reflected complacently, as the door closed

behind his visitor. 'Smashed, begad!' and with the thought he rid himself of a sense of inferiority which had more than once troubled him in his rival's presence. He sat down to eat his breakfast with a good appetite. The day would be a trying one, but Dean's, at any rate, was safe. Dean's, thank God, had never put its hand out farther than it could draw it back. How pleased his brother would be!

That was the worst, immeasurably the worst, of Ovington's experiences; but it was not the only painful interview that was in store for him before the bank opened that morning. Twice, men, applying, stealthy and importunate, at the back door, forced their way in to him. They were not of those who had claims on the bank and feared to be losers by it. They were in debt to it, but desperate and pushed for money they saw in the bank's necessity their opportunity. They—one of the two was Purslow—required only small sums, and both had conceived the idea that, as the bank was about to fail, it would be all one to Ovington whether he obliged them or not. It would be but a hundred or so the less for the creditors, and as the bank had sold their pledged stocks they thought that it owed them something. They had still influence, their desperate straits were not yet known; if he obliged them they would do this and that and the other—nebulous things—for him.

Ovington, of course, could do nothing for them; but to harden his heart against their appeals was not a good preparation for the work before him, and when he entered the bank five minutes before ten, he had to brace himself in order to show an unmoved front to the clerks.

He need not have troubled himself. Rodd knew all, and the two lads, on their way to the bank that morning, had been badgered out of such powers of observation as they possessed. They had been followed, cornered, snatched in this direction and that, rudely questioned, even threatened. Were they going to open? Where was the gaffer? Was he gone? They had been well-nigh bothered out of their lives, and more than once had been roughly handled. It seemed as if all Aldersbury was against them—and they did not like it. But Ovington had the knack of attaching men to him, the lads were loyal, and they had returned only hard words to those who waylaid them. Pay? They could pay all the dirty money in Aldersbury! Mr. Ovington? Well, they'd see. They'd see where he was, and be licking his boots in a week's time. And they'd better take their hands off

them! The stouter even threatened fisticuffs. A little more and he'd give his questioners a lick over the chops. Come now, give over, or he'd show them a trick of Dutch Sam's they wouldn't like.

The two arrived at the bank, panting and indignant, their coats half off their backs; and Rodd, whose impeccable respectability no one had ventured to assail, had to say a few sharp words before they settled down and the counter assumed the calm and orderly aspect that, in his eyes, the occasion required. He was himself simmering with indignation, but he let no sign of it appear. He had made all his arrangements beforehand, seen every book in its place, and the cash where it could be handled—and a decent quantity, sufficient to impose on the vulgar—laid in sight. After a few words had been exchanged between him and Ovington, the latter retired to the desk behind the curtain, and the other three took their places. Nothing remained but to watch—the seniors with trepidation, the juniors with a not unpleasant excitement—the minute hand of the clock. It wanted three minutes of ten.

And already, though from their places behind the counter the clerks could not see it, the watching groups before the bank had grown into a crowd. It lined the opposite pavement, it hung a fringe two-deep on the steps of the Butter Cross, it extended into the Market Place, it stretched itself half-way down the hill. And it made itself heard. The voices of those who passed along the pavement, the scraps of talk half caught, the sudden exclamation, had merged in a murmur not loud but continuous, and fraught with something of menace. Once, on the fringe of the gathering, there was an outburst of booing, but it ceased as suddenly as it had risen, suppressed by the more sober element; and once a hand tried the doors, a voice surprisingly loud cried 'They're fast enough!' and footsteps retreated across the pavement. The driver of a cart descending the hill called to 'Make way! Make way!' and that, too, reached those within almost as plainly as if it had been said in the room. Something, too, happened on it, for a shout of laughter followed.

It wanted two—it wanted one minute of ten. Rodd gave the order 'Open the doors.'

The younger clerk stepped forward and drew the bolts. He turned the key, and opened one leaf of the door. The other was

thrust open from without. The clerk slid under the counter to his place. They came in.

They came in, three abreast, elbowing and pushing one another in their efforts to be first. In a moment they were at the counter, darting suspicious glances at the clerks and angry looks at one another, and with them entered an atmosphere of noise and contention, of trampling feet and peevish exclamations. The bank, so still a moment before, was filled with it. There were tradesmen among them, a little uncertain of themselves and thankful that Ovington was not visible, and one or two bluff red-faced farmers who cared for nobody, and slapped their books down on the counter; and there were also a few, of the better sort, who looked straight before them and endeavoured to see as little as possible—with a sprinkling of small fry, clerks and lodging-house keepers and a coal-hawker, each with his dirty note gripped tight in his fist. The foremost rapped on the counter and cried 'Here, Mister, I'm first!' 'No, I!' 'Here, you, please attend to me!' They pressed their claims, while those in the rear uttered impatient remonstrances, holding their books or their notes over the heads of others in the attempt to gain attention. In a moment the bank was full—full to the doors: full of people, full of noise.

Rodd's cold eye travelled over them, measured them, weighed them. He was filled with an immense contempt for them, for their folly, their greediness, their selfishness. He raised his hand for silence. 'This is not a cock-fight,' he said in a tone as withering as his eye. 'This is a bank. When you gentlemen have settled who comes first, I will attend to you.' And then, as the noise only broke out afresh and more loudly, 'Well, suppose I begin at the left hand,' he said. He passed to that end of the counter. 'Now, Mr. Buffery, what can I do for you. Got your book?'

But Mr. Buffery had not got his book, as Rodd had noticed. On that the cashier slowly drew from a shelf below the counter a large ledger, and, turning the leaves, began a methodical search for the account.

But this was too much for the patience of the man last on the right, who saw six before him, and had left no one to take care of his shop. 'But, see here,' he cried imperiously. 'Mr. Rodd, I'm in a hurry! If that young man at the desk could attend to me I shouldn't take long.'

Rodd, keeping his place in the book with his finger, looked

at him. 'Do you want to pay in, Mr. Bevan?' he asked solemnly.

'No. I want forty-two, seven, ten. Here's my cheque.'

'You want cash?'

'That's it.'

'Well, I'm the cashier in this bank. No one else pays cash. That's the rule of the bank. Now, Mr. Buffery,' leisurely turning back to the page in the ledger, and running his finger down it. 'Thirty-five, two, six. That's right, is it?'

'That's right, sir.' Buffery knuckled his forehead gratefully.

'You've brought a cheque?'

But Buffery had not brought a cheque. Rodd shrugged his shoulders, called the senior clerk forward, and entrusted the customer, who was no great scholar, to his care. Then he closed the ledger, returned it carefully to the shelf, and turned to the next in the line. 'Now, Mr. Medicott, what do you want? Are you paying, or drawing?'

Mr. Medicott grinned, and sheepishly handed in a cheque. 'I'll draw that,' he mumbled, perspiring freely; while from the crowd behind him, shuffling their feet and breathing loudly, there rose a laugh. Rodd brought out the ledger again, and verified the amount. 'Right,' he said presently, and paid over the sum in Dean's notes and gold.

The man fingered the notes and hesitated. Rodd, about to pass to the next customer, paused. 'Well, ain't they right?' he said. 'Dean's notes. Anything the matter with them?'

The man took them without more ado, and Rodd paid the next and the next in the same currency, knowing that it would be remarked. 'I'll give them a jog while I can,' he thought. 'They deserve it.' And, sure enough, every note of that bank that he paid out was presented across the counter at Dean's within the hour. It gave Mr. Dean something to think about.

No one, in truth, could have done the work better than Rodd. He was so cool, so precise, so certain of himself. Nothing put him out. He plodded through his usual routine at his usual leisurely pace; he recked nothing of the impatient shuffling crowd on the other side of the counter, nothing of the greedy eyes that grudged every motion of his hand. They might not have existed for him. He looked through them. A plodder, he had no nerves. He was the right man in the right place.

At noon, taking with him a slip of paper, he went to report

to Ovington, who had retired to the parlour. They had paid out seventeen hundred pounds in the two hours. At this rate they could go on for a long time. There was only one large account in the room—should he call it up and pay it? It might have a good effect.

Ovington agreed, and Rodd returned to the counter. His eye sought out Mr. Meredith. 'I don't know what you're doing here,' he said austerely. 'But I suppose your time is worth something. If you'll pass up your cheque I'll let you go.'

The small fry clamoured, but Rodd looked through them. 'Eight hundred and ten,' said Meredith with a sigh of relief, passing his cheque over the heads of those before him. He was not ashamed of his balance, but for the moment he was ashamed of himself. He began to suspect that he had let himself be carried away with a lot of silly small chaps—yet his fingers itched to hold the money.

Rodd confirmed the account, fluttered a packet of notes, counted them thrice and slowly, and tossed them to Mr. Meredith. 'I make them right,' he said, 'but you'd better count them.' Then, to one or two who were muttering something about illegal preference, 'Bless your innocent hearts,' he said, 'you'll all be paid!' And he took the next in order as if nothing had happened.

It had its effect, and so had a thing that half an hour later broke the dreary monotony of paying out. A man at the back who had just pressed in—for the crowd, reinforced by new arrivals, was very nearly as large as at the hour of opening—raised his voice, complaining bitterly that he could not stay there all day, and that he wanted to pay in some money and go about his business.

There was a stir of surprise. A dozen turned to look at him. 'Good lord!' someone exclaimed.

Only Rodd was unmoved. 'Get a pay slip,' he said to the senior clerk, who had been pretty well employed filling in cheques for the illiterate and examining notes. 'Now, gentlemen, fair play. Let him pass through. Oh, it's Mr. Walker, is it? How much, Mr. Walker?'

'Two seven six, ten,' said Mr. Walker, laying a heavy canvas bag on the counter. Rodd untied the neck of the bag and upset the contents, notes and gold, before him. He counted the money with professional deftness, whilst the clerk filled in the slip. 'How's your brother?' he asked.

'Pretty tidy.'

'And how are things in Wolverhampton?'

'So, so! But not so bad as they were.'

'Thank you. You're the only sensible man I've seen to day, and we shall not forget it. Now, gentlemen, next, please.'

Mr. Walker was closely inspected as he pushed his way out, and one or two were tempted to say a word of warning to him, but thought better of it, and held their peace. About two in the afternoon a Mr. Hope of Bretton again broke the chain of withdrawals. He paid in two hundred. Him a man did pluck by the sleeve, muttering 'Have a care, man! Have a care what you're doing!' But Mr. Hope, a bluff tradesman-looking person, only answered, 'Thank ye, but I am up to snuff. If you ask me, I think you're a silly set of fools.'

News of him and of what he had said, and indeed of much more than he had said, ran quickly through the crowd that stared and wondered and waited all day before the bank; that snapped up every rumour, and devoured the wildest inventions. The bank would close at one! It would close at three—the speaker had it on the best authority! It would close when so and so had been paid! Ovington, the rascal, had fled. He was in the bank, white as a sheet. He had attempted suicide. There was a warrant out for him. The crowd moved hither and thither, like the colours in a kaleidoscope. On its outer edges there was horse-play. Children chased one another up and down the Butter Cross steps, fell over the old women who knitted, were cuffed by the men, driven out by the Beadle—only to return again.

But under the trivialities there was tense excitement. Now and again a man who had been slow to take the alarm forced his way, pale and agitated, through the crowd, to vanish within the doors; or a countryman, whom the news had only just reached in his boosey-close or his rickyard—as they call a stackyard in Aldshire—rode up the hill, hot with haste and cursing those who blocked his road, flung his reins to the nearest bystander, and plunged into the bank as into water. And on the fringe, hiding themselves in doorways, or in the dark mouths of alleys, were men who stood biting their nails, heedless or unconscious of what passed about them; or came staggering up from the Gullet with stammering tongues and eyes bloodshot with drink—men who a year before had been well-to-do, sober citizens, fathers of families. All one to them now whether Ovington's stood or

fell! They had lost their all, and to show for it and for all that they had ever been worth had but a few pieces of printed paper; certificates, or what not, which they took out and read in corners, as if something of hope might still, at the thousandth time of reading, be derived from them, or which they brandished aloft in the tavern with boasts of what they would have gained if trickery had not robbed them. So, though the crowd had its humours and was swept at times by gusts of laughter, the spectre of ruin stood, gaunt and bleak, in the background, and many a heart quailed before grim visions of bailiffs and forced sales and the workhouse—the workhouse, that in Aldersbury, where they were nothing if not genteel, they called the House of Industry.

And Ovington, as he sat over his books, or peered from time to time from a window, knew this, and felt it. He would not have been human if he had not thought with longing of that twelve thousand, the use of which had so nearly been his; ay, and with passing regret—for after all was not the greatest good for the greatest number sound morality?—of the self-denying ordinance which had robbed him of it. But harassed and heavy-hearted as he was, he remained master of himself, and his bearing was calm and dignified, when at a quarter to four he showed himself, for the first time that day, in the bank.

It was still half-full, and the approach of closing time and the certainty that they could not all be paid that day, along with the fear that the doors would not open on the morrow, mightily inflamed those who were not in the front rank. They clamoured to be paid, brandishing their books or their notes. Some tried prayers, addressing Rodd by name, pleading their poverty or their services. Others reproached him for his slowness, and swore that it was purposeful. And they would not be still, they pushed and elbowed one another, rose on tiptoe and shuffled their feet, quarrelled among themselves.

Their voices filled the bank, passed beyond it, were heard in the street. Rodd worked on bravely, but the perspiration stood on his brow, while the clerks, flurried and nervous, looked now at the clock and now at the malcontents whose violence and restlessness seemed to treble their numbers.

Then it was that Ovington came in, and on the instant the noise died down. There was dead silence. He advanced without speaking to within a few feet of the counter. He was cold, composed, upright, dignified. And still he did not speak. He

surveyed his customers, his spectacles in his hand. His eyes took in each. At length, 'Gentlemen,' he said quietly, 'there is no need for this excitement. You will all be paid. We are short-handed to-day, but I had no reason to suppose that those who knew me as well as most of you do know me—and there are some here who have known me all my life—would distrust me. However, as we are shorthanded, the bank will remain open to-day until half-past four. Mr. Rodd, you will see, if you please, that the requirements of those now in the room are met. I need not add that the bank will open at the usual time to-morrow. Good-day, gentlemen.'

They raised a feeble cheer in their relief, and in the act of turning away, he paused. 'Mr. Ricketts,' he said, singling out one, 'you are here about those bills? They are important. If you will bring them through to me—yes, if you please?'

The man whom he had addressed, a banker's clerk, followed him thankfully into the parlour. His uneasiness had been great, for, though he had not joined in his neighbours' threats, his employers' claim exceeded those of all the rest put together.

'We daren't wait, Mr. Ovington,' he said apologetically. 'Our people want it. I take it, it is all right, sir!'

'Quite,' Ovington said. 'You have them here? What is the total?'

'Eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, six, eight, sir.'

Ovington examined them with a steady hand and wrote the amount on a slip of paper. He rang the bell, and the younger clerk came in. 'Bring me that,' he said 'as quickly as you can.' Then to his visitor, 'My compliments to Mr. Allwood. Will you tell him that his assistance has been of material use to me, and that I shall not forget it? I was sorry to hear of Gibbons' failure.'

'Yes, sir. Very unfortunate. Very unfortunate, indeed!'

'He is no loser by them, I hope?'

'Well, he is, sir, I am sorry to say.'

'Ah, I am sorry.' And when the lad had brought in the money, and the account was settled, 'Are you returning to-night?'

'No, sir. My instructions were to travel by daylight.'

'Then you have an opportunity of stating outside, that you have been paid. I am anxious, of course, to stop this foolish run.'

The man said he would not fail to do so, and Ovington thanked him and saw him out by the private door. Then, taking with him certain books and the slips of paper that Rodd had sent in to him hour by hour, he went into the dining-room. Things were no worse than he had expected, but they were no better. Or, yes, they were, a few hundreds better.

Betty was there, awaiting him with an anxious face. She had had no slips to inform her from hour to hour how things went, and she had been too wise to intrude on her father. But many times she had looked from the windows on the scene before the bank, on the shifting crowd, the hasty arrivals, the groups that clung unwearied to the steps of the Butter Cross; and though poverty—she was young—had few terrors for her, she comprehended only too well what her father was suffering; ay, and, though it was a minor evil, what a blister to his pride was this gathering of his neighbours to witness his fall!

So, though she could have put on an appearance of cheerfulness, she felt that it would not accord with his mood, and instead, 'Well, father,' she said, with loving anxiety, 'is it bad or good?' And, as he sank wearily into his chair, she passed her arm about his shoulders.

'Well,' he replied, with the sigh of a tired man, 'it is pretty much as we expected. I don't know, child, that it is better or worse. But Rodd will be here presently and he will tell us. He must be worn out, poor chap. He has borne the brunt of the day, and he has borne it famously. Famously! I offered to take his place at the dinner-hour but he would not have it. He has not left the counter for five minutes at a time, and he has shown splendid nerve.'

'Then you have not missed the others much?'

'No. We did not wish to pay out too quickly. Well—let us have some tea. Rodd will be glad of it. He has not tasted food since ten o'clock.'

'Did you go in, father?'

'For a minute,' smiling, 'to scold them.'

'Oh, they are horrid!'

'No, they are just frightened. Frightened, child! We should do the same in their place.'

'No,' Betty said stoutly. 'I shouldn't! And I could never like anyone who did! Never!'

'Did what?'

'Took money from you when you wanted it so much! I think they're mean! Mean! And I shall never think anything else!' Betty's eyes sparkled, she was red with indignation. But the heat passed, in a moment she was paler than usual, she looked sad. Perhaps she had forgotten how things were, and now remembered; or perhaps—at any rate the glow faded and she was again the Betty of late days—a tired and depressed Betty.

She had seen to it that the fire was clear and the lamps burned brightly; had she not visited the room a dozen times to see to it? And now the curtains had been drawn, the tea-tray came in, the kettle sang on the hob, the silver and china, reflecting the lights, twinkled a pleasant welcome to the tired man. Or they would have—if he could have believed that the comfort about him was permanent. But how long—the doubt tortured him—would it be his? How long could he ensure it for others? The waiting, anxious crowd, the scared faces, the clamorous customers, these were the things he saw, the things that blotted out the room and darkened the future. These were the only realities, the abiding, the menacing facts of life. He let his chin fall on his hand, and gazed moodily into the fire. A Napoleon of finance? Ay, but a Napoleon, crushed in the making, whose Waterloo had met him at Arcola!

He straightened himself when Rodd's step was heard in the passage, and he rose to take the last slip from the cashier's hand.

'Sit down, man, sit down,' he said. 'Betty, give Rodd a cup of tea. He must need it. Well?' putting on his glasses to consult the slip.

'We've paid out thirteen thousand two hundred and ten, sir.'

'Through one pair of hands! Well done! A fine feat, Rodd, and I shall not forget it. Umph!' thoughtfully, 'that is just about what we expected. Neither much better nor much worse. What we did not expect—but sit down and drink your tea, man. Betty!'

'Yes, father.'

'Pass the toast to him. He deserves all we can do for him. What we did not expect,' reverting to the slip with a wrinkled brow, 'were the payments in. Four hundred and seventy odd! I don't understand that. No other sign of returning credit, Rodd? Was it someone we've obliged? Very unlikely, for long memories are rare at such times as these. Who was it?'

Rodd was busy with his toast. Betty had passed it to him with a polite smile. 'There were two, sir, I think,' he said. He spoke as if he were not quite certain.

The banker looked up in surprise. 'Think!' he said. 'Why, you must know.'

'Well, there were two, sir, I am sure. But paying out all day—'

'You'd remember who paid in, I should think. When there were but two. You must remember who they were.'

'One was from Wolverhampton, I know,' Rodd replied. 'Mr. Watkins—or Walker.'

'Walker or Watkins? Of Wolverhampton? I don't remember any customer of that name. And the other? Who was he?'

'From somewhere Bretton way. I could look him up.'

The banker eyed Rodd closely. Had the day's work been too much for him? 'You could look him up?' he rejoined. 'Why, man, of course you could. Four hundred and seventy! A bank has failed before now for lack of less. All good notes, I suppose? No Gibbons' or Garrards', eh!' an idea striking him. 'But you'd see to that. If someone had the idea of washing his hands that way—and the two banks already closed!'

But Rodd shook his head. 'No, sir. It was in gold and Bank of England notes. I saw to that.'

'Then I don't understand it,' the banker decided. He sat pondering—the thing had taken hold of his mind. Was it a trick? Did they mean to draw out the amount next morning? But, no; they would not risk the money, and he would stand no worse if they drew it. An enemy could not have done it, then. A friend? But such friends were rare and the sum was no trifle. The amount was more than he had received for his plate, the proceeds of which had already gone into the cash-drawer. He pondered.

Meanwhile, 'Another cup of tea?' Betty said politely. And as Rodd, avoiding her eyes, handed her his cup, 'It's so nice to hear of strangers helping us,' she continued with treacherous sweetness. 'One feels so grateful to them.'

Rodd muttered something, his mouth full of toast.

'It's so fine of them to trust us, when they don't know how things are—as we do, of course. I think it is splendid of them,' Betty continued. 'Father, you must bring them to me, some

day, when all these troubles are over—that I may thank them.'

But her father had risen to his feet. He was standing on the hearthrug, a queer look on his face. 'I think that they are here now,' he said. 'Rodd, why did you do it?'

The cashier started. 'I, sir? I don't think I—'

'Oh, you understand, man!' The banker was much moved. 'You understand very well. Walker of Wolverhampton? You've a brother at Wolverhampton, I remember, though I don't think I've ever seen him. This is your three hundred, and all you could add to it. My G—d, man——' Ovington was certainly moved, for he seldom swore, 'but if we go you'll lose it! You must draw it out before the bank opens to-morrow.'

'No,' said Rodd, who had turned red. 'I shall do nothing of the sort, sir. It's as safe there as anywhere. I'm not afraid.'

'But I don't understand,' Betty said, looking from one to the other. It couldn't be true. It could not be that she had made such a—a dreadful mistake!

'There's no Mr. Walker,' her father explained, 'and no gentleman from Bretton. They are both Rodd. It's his money.'

'Do you mean——' in a very small voice. 'I thought that Mr. Rodd took his money out!'

'Only to put it in again when he thought that it might help us more. But we can't have it. He mustn't lose his money, all I expect that he——'

'It came out of the bank,' Rodd said. 'And there's where it belongs, and I'm not going,' stubbornly, 'to take it out. I've been here ten years—very comfortable, sir. And if the bank closed where'd I be? It's my interest that it shouldn't close.'

The banker turned to the fire and put one foot on the fender as if to warm it. 'Well, let it stay,' he said, but his voice was unsteady. 'If we have to close you'll have done a silly thing—that's all. But if we don't, you'll not have been such a fool!'

'Oh, we shall not close,' Rodd boasted, and he gulped down his tea, his ears red.

There was an embarrassing silence. Ovington turned. 'Well, Betty,' he said, attempting a lighter tone, 'I thought that you were going to thank—Mr. Walker of Wolverhampton?'

But Betty, murmuring something about an order for the servants, had already hurried from the room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THAT the Squire suffered was certain; whether he suffered more deeply in pocket or in pride, whether he felt more poignantly the loss of his hoarded thousands or the dishonour that Arthur had done to his name, even Josina could not say. His ruling passions through life had been pride of race and the desire to hoard, and it is certain that sore wounded in both points he suffered as acutely as age with its indurated feelings can suffer. But after the first outburst, after the irrepressible cry of anguish which the discovery of his nephew's treachery had wrung from him, he buried himself in silence. He sat morose and unheeding, his hands clasping his stick, his sightless eyes staring at the fire. He gave no sign, and sought no sympathy. He was impenetrable. Even Josina would not guess what were his thoughts.

Nor did she try to learn. The misfortune was too great, the injury on one side beyond remedy, and the girl had the sense to see this. She hung over him, striving to anticipate his wishes and by mute signs of affection to give him what comfort she might. But she was too wise to trouble him with words or to attempt to administer directly to a mind which to her was a mystery, darkened by the veil of years that separated them.

She was sure of one thing, however, that he would not wish anything to be said in the house; and she said nothing. But she soon found that she must set a guard also on her looks. On the Tuesday Mrs. Bourdillon 'looked in,' as it was her habit to look in three or four times a week. She had usually some errand to put forward, and her pretext on this occasion was the Squire's Christmas list. Near as he was, he thought much of old customs, and he would not for anything have omitted to brew a cask of October for his servants' Christmas drinking, or to issue the doles of beef to the men and of blankets to the women which had gone forth from the Great House since the reign of Queen Anne. Mrs. Bourdillon was never unwilling to gain a little reflected credit, or to pay in that way for an hour's job-work; and there were few years in which she did not contrive to graft a name or two on the list.

That was apparently her business this afternoon. But Josina, whose faculties were quickened by the pity which she felt for the unconscious mother, soon perceived that this was

not her only or, indeed, her real motive. The visitor was not herself. She was nervous, the current of her small talk did not run with its usual freedom, she let her eyes wander, she broke off and began again. By and by as the strain increased she let her anxiety appear, and at last, 'I wish you would tell me,' she said, 'what is the matter with Arthur. He is not open with me,' raising her eyes with a piteous look to Josina's face. 'And—and he's something on his mind, I'm sure. I noticed it on Sunday, and I am sure you know. Is there'—and Josina saw with compassion that her mitted hands were trembling—'is there anything—wrong?'

The girl had her answer ready, for she had already decided what she would say. 'I am afraid that they are anxious about the bank,' she said. 'There is what they call a "run" upon it.'

The explanation was serious enough, but, strange to say, Mrs. Bourdillon looked relieved. 'Oh! And I suppose that they all have to be there?'

'Yes, I suppose so.'

'And that's all?'

'I am afraid that that is enough.'

'But—but you don't mean that there may be a—a failure?'

'I hope not. Indeed, I hope not. But people are so silly! They think that they can all have their money out at once. And of course,' Josina continued, speaking from a height of late-acquired knowledge, 'a bank lends its money out and cannot get it in again in a minute. But I've no doubt that it will be all right. Mr. Ovington is very clever.'

Mrs. Bourdillon sighed. 'That's bad,' she said. And she seemed to think it over. 'You know that all our money is in the bank now, Josina! I don't know what we should do if it were lost! I don't know what we should do!' But, all the same, Josina was clear that this was not the fear that her visitor had had in her mind when she entered the room. 'Nor why Arthur was so set upon putting it in,' the good lady continued. 'For goodness knows,' bridling, 'we were never in trade. Mr. Bourdillon's grandfather—but that was in the West Indies and quite different. I never heard anyone say it wasn't. So where Arthur got it from I am sure I don't know. And, oh dear, your father was so angry about it, he will never forgive us if it is lost.'

'I don't think that you need be afraid,' Josina said, as lightly as she could. 'It's not lost yet, you know. And of course we

must not say a word to anyone. If people thought that we were afraid——'

'We? But I can't see,' Mrs. Bourdillon put in with sharpness, 'what you have to do with it?'

Josina blushed. 'Of course we are all interested,' she said.

Mrs. Bourdillon saw the blush. 'You haven't—you and Arthur—made it up?' she ventured.

Josina shook her head.

'But why not? Now—now that he's in trouble, Josina!'

'I couldn't! I couldn't, indeed.'

The mother's face fell, and she sighed. She stared for awhile at the faded carpet. When she looked up again, the old anxiety peeped from her eyes. 'And you don't think that—there's anything else?' she asked, as she prepared to rise.

'I am afraid that that is enough—to make them all anxious!'

But later, when the other was gone, Josina wondered. What had aroused the mother's misgivings? What had brought that look of alarm to her eyes? Arthur's sudden departure might have vexed her, but it could hardly have done more, unless he had dropped some hint, or she had other grounds for suspicion. But that was impossible, Josina decided; and she dismissed the thought.

She went slowly upstairs. After all she had troubles enough of her own. She had her father to think of—and Clement. They were her world, hemispheres which, though her whole happiness depended upon it, she could hardly hope to bring together, divided as they were by an ocean of prejudice. How her father now regarded Clement, whether his hatred of the name were in the slightest degree softened, whether under the blow which had stunned him, he thought of her lover at all, or remembered that it was he, and not Arthur, who had saved his life, she had no notion.

Alas! it would be but natural if the name of Ovington were more hateful to him than ever. He would attribute—she felt that he did attribute Arthur's fall to them; he had said that it was the poison of trade, their trade, their cursed trade, which had entered his veins, and, contaminating the honest Griffin blood, had destroyed him. It was they who had ruined him!

And then, as if the stain were not enough, it was from them again that it could not be hid. They knew of it, they must know

of it. There must be interviews about it, dealings about it, dealings with them. They might feign horror of it, they who in the Squire's eyes were the real cause of it; they might hold up their hands at the fact and pity him! Pity him! If anything, anything, she was sure, could add to her father's mortification, it was that the Ovingtons were involved in the matter.

With every stair, the girl's heart sank lower. Once more in her father's room, she watched him. But she was careful not to let her solicitude appear, and though she was assiduous for his comfort and conduced to it by keeping Miss Peacock and the servants at a distance, she said almost as little to him as he to her. From time to time he sighed, but it was only when she reminded him that it was his hour for bed that he let a glimpse of his feelings appear.

'Ay,' he muttered, 'I'm better there! Better there, girl!' And with one hand on his stick and the other on his chair he raised himself up by his arms as old men do. 'I can hide my head there.'

She lent him her shoulder across the room and strove by the dumb show of her love to give him what comfort she might, what sympathy. But tears choked her, and she thought with anguish that he was conquered. The unbreakable old man was broken. Shame and not the loss of his money had broken him.

It would not have surprised her had he kept his bed next day. But either there was still some spring of youth in him, or old age had hardened him, for he rose as usual, though the effort was apparent. He ate his breakfast in gloomy silence, and about an hour before noon he declared it his will to go out. Josina doubted if he was fit for it, but whatever the Squire willed his womenfolk accepted, and she offered to go with him. He would not have her, he would have Calamy—perhaps because Calamy knew nothing. 'Take me to the stable,' he said. And Josina thought 'He is going to see the old mare—to bid her farewell.'

It certainly was to his old favourite that he went, and he stood for some minutes in her box, feeling her ears and passing his hand between her forelegs to learn if she were properly cleaned; while the grey smelled delicately about his head, and nuzzled with her lips in his pockets.

'Ay,' said Calamy after a while, 'she were a trig thing in her time, but it's past. And what are the legs of a horse when it's a race wi' ruin?'

'What's that?' The Squire let his stick fall to the ground. 'What do you mean?' he asked, and straightened himself, resting his hand on the mare's withers.

'They be all trotting and cantering,' Calamy continued with zest, as he picked up the stick, 'trotting and cantering into town since morning, them as arn't galloping. They be covering all the roads wi' the splatter and sound of them. But I'm thinking they'll lose the race.'

'What do you mean?' the Squire growled. Something of his old asperity had come back to him.

'Mean, master? Why, that Ovington's got the shutters up, or as good. Their notes is no better than last year's leaves, I'm told. And all the country riding and spurring in on the chance of getting change for 'em before it's too late! Such-like fools I never see—as if the townsfolk will have left anything for them! Watkins o' the Griffin, he's three fi-pun notes of theirs, and he was away before it was ight, and Blick the pig-killer and the overseer with him, in his tax-cart. And parson he's gone on his nag—trust parson for ever thinking o' the moth and rust except o' Sunday! They've tithe money of his. And the old maid as lives genteel in the villa at the far end o' the street, she've hired farmer Harris's cart—white as a sheet she was, I'm told! Wouldn't even stay to have the mud wiped off, and she so particular! And there's three more of 'em started to walk it. I'm told the road is black with them—weavers from the Valleys and their missuses, every sort of 'em with a note in his fist! There was two of them came here, wanted to see Mr. Arthur—thought he could do something for 'em.'

'D——n Mr. Arthur!' said the Squire. But inwardly he was thinking, 'There goes the last chance of my money! A drowning man don't think whether the branch he can reach is clean or dirty! But there never was a chance. That young chap came to bamboozle me and gain time, and that's their play.' Aloud, 'Give me my stick,' he said. 'Who told you—this rubbish?'

'Why, it's known at the Cross! The rooks be cawing it. Ovington is over to Bullon or some-such foreign place, these two days! And Dean he won't be long after him! They're talking of him, too. Ay, Parson should ha' thought of the poor instead of laying up where thieves break through and steal. But we're all things of a day!'

'Take me to the house,' said the Squire.

'Shadows as pass! Birds i' the smoke!' continued the irrepressible Calamy, smacking his lips with enjoyment. 'Leaves and the wind blows! Mr. Arthur—but there, your honour knows best where the shoe pinches. Squire Acherley's gone through on his bay, and Parson Hoggins with him, and "Where's that d—d young banker?" he asks. Thinks I, if the Squire heard you, you'd get a flip o' the tongue you wouldn't like! But he's a random-tandem talker as ever was! And'—halting—'by gum, I expect here's another for Mr. Arthur! There's someone drove up the drive now, and gone to the front door.'

'Take me in! Take me in!' said the Squire peevishly, his heart very bitter within him. For this was worse than anything that he had foreseen. His twelve thousand pounds was gone, but even that loss—monstrous, incredible, heart-breaking loss as it was—was not the worst. Ruin was abroad, stalking the countryside, driving rich and poor, the widow and the orphan, to one bourne, and his name—his name through his nephew—would be linked with it, and dragged through the mire by it, no man so poor that he might not have a fling at it. He had held his head high, he had refused to stoop to such things, he had condemned others of his class, Woosenham and Acherley, and their like, because they had lowered themselves to the traffic of the market-place. But now—now, wherever men met and bragged of their losses and cursed their deluders, the talk would be of his nephew! His nephew! They might even say that he had had a share in it himself, and canvass and discuss him, and hint that he was not above robbing his neighbours—but only above owning to the robbery!

This was worse, far worse than the worst that he had foreseen when the lad had insisted on going his own way. Worse, far worse! Even his sense of Arthur's dishonour, even his remembrance of the vile, wicked, reckless act which the young man had committed, faded beside the prospect before him; beside the certainty that wherever, in shop or tavern, men cursed the name of Ovington, or spoke of those who had ruined the countryside, his name would come up and his share in the matter be debated.

Ay, he would be mixed up in it! He could not but be mixed up in it! His nephew! His nephew! He hung so heavily on Calamy's arm, that the servant for once held his tongue in alarm. They went into the house—the house that until now dishonour had never touched, though hard times had often straitened it, and more than once in the generations poverty had menaced it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BUT before they crossed the threshold they were intercepted. Miss Peacock, her plumage ruffled, and that which the Squire was wont to call her 'clack' working at high pressure, met them at the door. 'Bless me, sir, here's a visitor,' she proclaimed, 'at this hour! And won't take any denial, but will see you, whether or no. Though I told Jane to tell him——'

'Who is it?'

'Goodness knows, but it's not my fault, sir! I told Jane—but Jane's that feather-headed, like all of them, she never listens, and let him in, and he's in the dining-parlour. All she could say, the silly wench, was, it was something about the bank—great goggle-eyes as she is! And of course there's no one in the way when they're wanted. Calamy with you, and Josina trapesing out, feeding her turkeys. And Jane says the man's got a port-manteau with him as if he's come to stay. Goodness knows, there's no bed aired, and I'm sure I should have been told if——'

'Peace, woman!' said the Squire. 'Did he ask to see me, or—' with an effort—'my nephew?'

'Oh, you, sir! Leastwise that's what Jane said, but she's no more head than a goose! To let him in when she knows that you're hardly out of your bed, and can't see every Jack Harry that comes!'

'I'll see him,' the Squire said heavily. He bade Calamy take him in.

'But you'll take your egg-flip, Mr. Griffin? Before you——'

'Don't clack, woman, don't clack!' cried the Squire, and made a blow at her with his stick, but with no intention of reaching her. 'Begone! Begone!'

'But, dear sir, the doctor! You know he said——'

'D—n you, I'll not take it! D'you hear? I'll not take it! Get out!' And he went on through the house, the tap of his stick on the stone flags going before him and announcing his coming. Half-way along the passage he paused. 'Did she say,' he asked, lowering his voice, 'that he came from the bank?'

'Ay, ay,' Calamy said. 'And like enough. Ill news has many feet. Rides apace and needs no spurs. But if your honour will let me see him, I'll sort him! I'll sort him, I'll warrant! One'd think,' grumbling, 'they'd more sense than to come here about

their dirty business as if we were the bank!' The man was surprised that his master took the matter with any patience, for, to him, with all the prejudices of the class he served, it seemed the height of impertinence to come to Garth about such business. 'Let me see him, your honour, and ask what he wants,' he urged.

But the Squire ruled otherwise. 'No,' he said wearily, 'I'll see him.' And he went in.

The front door stood open. 'There's a po-chay, right enough,' Calamy informed him. 'And luggage. Seems to ha' come some way, too.'

'Umph! Take me in. And tell me who it is. Then go.'

The butler opened the door, and guided the old man into the room. A glance informed him who the visitor was, but he continued to give all his attention to his master, subtly conveying to the stranger that he was of so little importance as to be invisible. Nor until the Squire had reached the table and set his hand on it did Calamy open his mouth. Then, 'It's Mr. Ovington,' he announced.

'Mr. Ovington?'

'Ay, the young gentleman.'

'Ah!' The old man stood a moment, his hand on the table. Then, 'Put me in my chair,' he said. 'And go. Shut the door.'

And when the man had done so, 'Well!' heavily, 'what have you come to say? But you'd best sit. Sit down! So you didn't go to London? Thought better of it, eh, young man? Ay, I know! Talked to your father and saw things differently? And now you've come to give me another dose of fine words to keep me quiet till the shutters go up? And if the worst comes to the worst, your father's told you, I suppose, that I can't prosecute—family name, eh? That's what you've come for, I suppose?'

'No, sir,' Clement answered soberly. 'I've not come for that. And my father——'

'I don't want to hear from him!' The Squire spoke with violence, and he struck his stick on the floor. 'I want no message from him, d'you hear? I'm not come down to that! And as for your excuses, young gentleman——'

'I am not come with any excuses,' Clement answered, restraining himself with difficulty—but after all the old man had had provocation enough to justify many hard words, and he was blind

besides. As he sat there, glaring sightlessly before him, his hands on his stick, he was a pathetic figure in his anger and helplessness. 'I've been to town, as I said I would.'

The Squire was silent for some seconds. 'And come back?' he exclaimed.

'Well, yes, sir,' with a smile. 'I'm here.'

'Umph? How did you do it?'

'I posted up and came down as far as Birmingham by the Bull and Mouth coach. I posted on this morning.'

'Well, you've been devilish quick!' The Squire admitted it reluctantly. He hardly knew whether to believe the tale or not. 'You didn't wait long there, that's certain. And did as little, I suppose. Bank's going, I hear?'

'I hope not.'

'Pooh! You may speak out! Speak out, man!' the Squire said impatiently. 'There is no one here.'

'There's some danger, I'm afraid,' Clement admitted.

'Danger! I should think there was! More than danger, as I hear!' The Squire drummed for a moment with his fingers on the table. He was thinking not of the bank, or even of his loss, but of his nephew and the scandal that would not pass by him. But he would not refer to Arthur, and after a pause, 'Well,' with an angry snort, 'if that's all you've come to tell me, you might have spared yourself—and me. I cannot say that your company's very welcome, so if you please, we'll dispense with compliments. If that's all——'

'But that's not all, sir,' Clement interposed. 'I wish I could have brought back the securities, or even the whole of the money.'

The Squire laughed. 'No doubt,' he said.

'But I was too late to ensure that. The stock had already been transferred.'

'So he was quick, too!'

'And selling for cash in the middle of such a crisis he had to accept a loss of seven per cent. on the current price. But he suggests that if you reinvest immediately, a half, at least, of this may be recovered, and the eventual loss need not be more than three or four hundred. I ought perhaps to have stayed in town to effect this, but I had to think of my father, who was alone at the bank. However, I did what I could, sir, and——'

Clement paused; the Squire had uttered an exclamation which he did not catch. The old man turned a little in his chair

so as to face the speaker. 'Eh?' he said. 'Do you mean that you've got any of the money—here?'

'I've eleven thousand and a bit over,' Clement explained. 'Five thousand in gold and the rest——'

'What?'

'Sir?'

'Do you mean'—the Squire spoke haltingly, after a pause; he did not seem to be able to find the right words—'that you've brought back the money?'

'Not all. What I've told you, sir. There's six thousand and odd in notes. The gold is in two bags in the chaise.'

'Here?'

'At the door, sir. I'll bring it in.'

'Ay,' said the Squire passively. 'Bring it in.'

Clement went out and returned, carrying in two small leather bags. He set them down at the Squire's feet. 'There's the gold, sir,' he said. 'I've not counted it, but I've no doubt that it is right. It weighs a little short of a hundred pounds.'

The old man felt the bags, then, standing up, he lifted them in turn a few inches from the floor. 'What does a thousand pounds weigh?' he asked.

'Between eighteen and nineteen pounds, sir.'

'And the notes?'

'I have them here.' Clement drew a thick packet from the pocket of his inner vest and put it into the Squire's hands. 'They're Bank of England paper. They were short even at the bank, and wanted Bourdillon to take it in one-pound notes, but he stood out and got these in the end.'

The Squire handled the packet, felt its thickness, weighed it lovingly in his hand. So much money, so much money in so small a space! Six thousand and odd pounds! It seemed as if he could not let it go, but in the end he placed it in the breast pocket of his high-collared old coat, the shabby blue coat with the large gilt buttons that was his common wear at home. The money secured, he sat, looking before him, while Clement, a little mortified, waited for the word of acknowledgment that did not come. At last, 'Did you call at your father's?' the old man asked—irrelevantly, it seemed.

Clement coloured. He had not expected the question. 'Well, I did, sir,' he admitted. 'Bourdillon——'

'He was with you?'

'As far as the town. He was anxious that the money should be seen to arrive. He thought that it might check the run, and I agreed that it might do some good, and that we might make that advantage of it. So I took it through the bank.'

'Pretty full, I expect, eh? Pretty full?'

'Well,' ruefully, 'it was, sir.'

'A strong run, eh?'

'I'm afraid so. It looked like it. It was full to the doors. That's why,' glancing at his watch as he stood by the window, the table between him and the Squire, 'I must get back to my father. We took it through the bank and out by the garden, and put it in the chaise again in Roushill.'

'Umph! He came back to town with you?'

'Bourdillon, sir? Yes—as far as the East Bridge. He left me there.'

'Where is he?'

Clement hesitated. 'I hope that he's gone to the bank, sir,' he said.

He did not add, as he might have, that, after Arthur and he had left the coach at Birmingham and posted on, there had been a passionate scene between them. No doubt Arthur had never given up hope, but from the first had determined to make another fight for it; and there was no police officer at their elbows now. He had appealed to Clement by all that he loved to take the money to the bank, and there to deal with it as his father should decide. Finding Clement firm and his appeals useless, he had given way to passion, he had stormed and threatened and even shed tears; and at last, seizing the pistol case that lay at their feet, he had sworn that he would shoot himself before the other's eyes if he did not give way. In his rage he had seemed to be capable of anything; and there had been a struggle for the pistol, blows had been exchanged, and worse might have come of it if the noise of the fracas had not reached the post-boy's ears. He had pulled up, turned in his saddle, and asked what the devil they would be at; he would have no murder in his master's carriage.

That had shamed them. Arthur had given way, had flung himself back, white and sullen, in his corner, and they had continued the journey on such terms as may be imagined. But even so, Arthur had proved his singular power of adaptation. The environs of the town in sight, he had suggested that at least they should take the money through the bank. Clement, anxious to make peace, had consented to that, and on the East

Bridge Arthur had called on the post-boy to stop, had jumped out, and turning his back on his companion, had made off without a word.

Clement said nothing of this to the Squire, though the scene had been painful, and though he felt that something was due to him, were it but a word of thanks, or an expression of acknowledgment. It had not been his fault or his father's, that the money had been taken; it was through him that the greater part of it had been recovered, and now reposed safe in the Squire's pocket or in the bags at his feet.

At the least, it seemed to him, the old man might remember that his father was alone and needing him—was facing trouble, and, it might be, ruin. He took up his hat. 'Well, sir, that's all,' he said curtly. 'I must go now.'

'Wait!' said the Squire. 'And ring the bell, if you please.'

Clement stepped to the fireside and pulled the faded drab cord, which once had been blue, that hung near it. The bell in the passage had hardly tinkled before Calamy entered. 'Bid your mistress come here,' said the old man. 'Where is she? Fetch her.'

The blood mounted to Clement's face, and his pulses began to throb, his ideas to tumble over one another. The old man, who sat before him, his hands on his stick, stubbornly confronting the darkness, the old man, whom he had thought insensible, took on another hue, became instead inscrutable, formidable, perplexing. Why had he sent for his daughter? What was in his mind? What was he going to say? What had he—but even while Clement wondered, his thoughts in a whirl, strange hopes jostling one another in his brain, the door opened, and Josina came in.

She came in with a timid step, but as soon as her eyes met Clement's, the colour rose vividly to her cheeks, then left her pale. Her lip trembled. But her look—fleeting as it was and immediately diverted to her father—how he blessed her for that look! For it bade him take confidence, it bade him have no fear, it bade him trust her. Silently and incredibly, it took him under her protection, it pledged her faith to him.

And how it changed all for him! How it quelled, in a moment, the disappointment and anger he was feeling, ay, and even the vague hopes which the Squire's action in summoning her had roused in him! How it gave calmness and assurance where his aspirations had been at best to the extravagant and the impossible.

But, whatever his feelings, to whatever lover's heaven that

look had raised him, he was speedily brought to earth again. The old man had proved himself thankless; now, as if he were determined to show himself in the worst light, he proceeded to prove himself suspicious. 'Come here, girl,' he said, 'and count these notes.' Fumbling, he took the parcel from his pocket and handed it to her. 'Ha' you got them? Then count them! D'you hear, wench? Count them! And have a care to make no mistake! Lay 'em in piles o' ten. They are hundreds, are they? Hundreds, eh?'

She untied the parcel, and brought all her faculties to bear on the task, though her fingers trembled, and the colour, rising and ebbing in her cheeks, betrayed her consciousness that her lover's eyes were upon her. 'Yes, sir, they are hundred-pound notes,' she said.

'All?'

'Yes, all, I think, sir.'

'Bank of England?' He poked at her skirts with his stick. 'Bank of England, eh? Are you sure?'

'Yes, sir, so far as I can see.'

'Ay, ay. Well, count 'em! And mind what you are doing, girl!'

Clement did not know whether to smile or to be angry, but a moment later he felt no bent towards either. For with a certain dignity, 'I ha' been deceived once,' the Squire continued. 'I ha' signed once and paid for it. I'm in the dark. But I don't act i' the dark again. If I can't trust my own flesh and blood, I'll not trust strangers. No, no! I don't know as there's any-one I can trust.'

'I quite understand, sir,' Clement said—though it was the last thing he had had it in his mind to say a moment earlier.

'I don't mind whether you understand or not,' the Squire retorted. 'Ha' you done, girl?' after an interval of silence.

'Not quite, sir. I have five heaps of ten.'

'Well, well, get on. We are keeping the young man.'

He spoke as he would have spoken of any young man in a shop, and Clement winced, and Josina knew that he winced and she reddened. But she went on with her work. 'There are sixty-one, sir,' she said. 'That makes——'

'Six thousand one hundred pounds. Ay, it's right so far. Right so far. And the gold'—he paused and seemed to be at a nonplus—'I'm afraid 'twould take too long to count it. Well, let it be. Get some paper and write a receipt as I tell you.'

'There is no need, sir,' Clement ventured.

'There's every need, young man. I'm doing business. Ha' you got the pen, girl? Then write as I tell you. "I, George Griffin of Garth, in the County of Aldshire, acknowledge that I have this 16th day of December 1825 received from Messrs. Ovington of Aldersbury, six thousand one hundred pounds in Bank of England notes, and"—ha' you got that? Ha' you got that?—"two bags stated by them to contain five thousand pounds in gold." Ha' you got that down? Then show me the place, and——'

But as she put the pen in his hand he let it drop. He sat back in his chair. 'Ay, he showed me the place before,' he muttered, his chin on his breast. 'It was he gave me the pen, then, girl. And how be I to know? How be I to know?'

It came home to them—to them both. In his voice, his act, his attitude was the pathos of blindness; its helplessness, its dependence, its reliance on others—on the eyes, the hand, the honesty of others. The girl leant over him. 'Father,' she said, tears in her voice, 'I wouldn't deceive you! You know I wouldn't. I would never deceive you?'

'Ha' you never deceived me? Wi' that young man?' sternly. 'But——'

'Ay, you have! You have deceived me—with him.'

She could not defend herself, and, suppressing her sobs, 'I will call Calamy,' she said. 'He can read. He shall count the notes.'

But he put out his hand and grasped her skirts. 'No,' he said. 'What'll I be the better? Give me the pen. If you deceive me in this, wench—what matter if the notes be short or not, or what comes of it?'

'I would cut off my hand first!' she cried. 'And Clement.'

'Eh?' He sat up sharply.

She was frightened, and she did not continue. 'This is the place, sir,' she said meekly.

'Here?'

'Yes, sir, where you are now.'

He wrote his name. 'Dry it,' he said. 'And ring the bell. And there, give it to him. He wants to be off. Odds are the shutters 'll be up afore he gets there. Calamy!' to the man who had appeared at the door, 'see this gentleman off, and be quick about it. He's no time to lose. And, hark you, come back to me when he's gone. No, girl,' sternly, 'you stay here. I want you.'

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN ordinary times, news is slow to make its way to the ears of the great. Protected from the vulgar by his deer park, looking out from the stillness of his tall-windowed library on his plantations and his ornamental water, Sir Charles Woosenham was removed by six miles of fine champaign country from the common fret and fume of Aldersbury. He no longer maintained, as his forefathers had maintained, a house in the town, and in all likelihood he would not have heard the talk about the bank, or caught the alarm in time, if one of his neighbours had not made it his business to arouse him.

Acherley, baffled in his attempt at blackmail, and thirsting for revenge, had bethought him of the Chairman of the Valleys Railroad. He had been quick to see that he could use him, and perhaps he had even fancied that it was his duty to use him. At any rate, one fine morning, some days before this eventful Wednesday, he had mounted his old hunter, Nimrod, and had cantered across country by gaps and gates from Acherley to Woosenham Park. He had entered by a hunting wicket, and leaping the ha-ha, he had presented himself to Sir Charles ten minutes after the latter had left the breakfast table, and had withdrawn himself after his fashion of a morning, into a dignified seclusion.

Alas, two minutes of Acherley's conversation proved enough to destroy the baronet's complacency for the day. Acherley blurted out his news, neither sparing oaths nor mincing matters. 'Ovington's going!' he declared. 'He's bust-up—smashed, man!' And striking the table with a violence that made his host wince, 'He's bust-up, I tell you,' he repeated, 'and I think you ought to know it! There's ten thousand of the Company's money in his hands, and if there's nothing done, it will be lost to a penny!'

Sir Charles stared, stared aghast. 'You don't say so!' he exclaimed. 'I can't believe it!'

'Well, it's true! True, man, true, as you'll soon find out!'

'But this is terrible! Terrible!'

Acherley shrugged his shoulders. 'It'll be terrible for him,' he sneered.

'But—but what can we do?' the other asked, recovering from his surprise. 'If it is as bad as you say——'

'Bad? And do, man? Why, get the money out! Get it out before it is too late—if it isn't too late already. You must draw it out, Woosenham! At once! This morning! Without the delay of a minute!'

'I!' Sir Charles could not conceal the unhappiness which the proposal caused him. No proposal, indeed, could have been less to his taste. He would have to make up his mind, he would have to act, he would have to set himself against others, he would have to engage in a vulgar struggle. A long vista of misery and discomfort opened before him. 'I? Oh, but—' and with the ingenuity of a weak man he snatched at the first formal difficulty that occurred to him—'but I can't draw it out! It needs another signature besides mine.'

'The Secretary's? Bourdillon's? Of course it does! But you must get his signature. D—n it, man, you must get it. If I were you I should go into town this minute. I wouldn't lose an hour!'

Sir Charles winced afresh at the idea of taking action so strong. He had not only a great distaste for any violent step, but he had also the feelings of a gentleman. To take on himself such a responsibility as was now suggested was bad; but to confront Ovington, who had gained considerable influence over him, and to tell the banker to his face that he distrusted his stability—good heavens, was it possible that such horrors could be asked of him? Flustered and dismayed, he went back to his original standpoint. 'But—but there may be nothing in this,' he objected weakly. 'Possibly nothing at all. Mere gossip, my dear sir,' with dignity. 'In that case we might be putting ourselves in the wrong—very much in the wrong.'

Acherley did not take the trouble to hide his contempt. 'Nothing in it?' he replied, and he tossed off a second glass of the famous Woosenham cherry-brandy which the butler, unbidden, had placed beside him. 'Nothing in it, man? You'll find there's the devil in it unless you act! Enough in it to ease us of ten thousand pounds! If the bank fails, and I'll go bail it will, not a penny of that money will you see again! And I tell you fair, the shareholders will look to you, Woosenham, to make it good. I'm not responsible. I've no authority to sign, and the others are just tools of that man Ovington, and afraid to call their souls their own! You're Chairman—you're Chairman, and, by G—d, they'll look to you if the money is left in the bank and lost!'

Sir Charles quailed. This was worse and worse! Worse and worse! He dropped the air of carelessness which he had affected to assume, and no more flustered man than he looked out on the world that day over a white lawn stock or wore a dark blue coat with gilt buttons, and drab kerseymeres with Hessians. But, again, true to his instincts, he grasped at a matter of form, hoping desperately that it might save him from the precipice towards which his friend was so vigorously pushing him. 'But—my good man,' he argued, 'I can't draw out the money—the whole of the capital of the concern, so far as it is subscribed—on my own responsibility! Of course I can't!' wiping the perspiration from his brow. 'Of course I can't!' peevishly. 'I must have the authority of the Board first. We must call a meeting of the Board. That's the proper procedure.'

Acherley rose to his feet, openly contemptuous. 'Oh, hang your meeting!' he said. 'And give a seven days' notice, eh? If you are going to stand on those P's and Q's I've said my say. The money's lost already! However, that's not my business, and I've warned you. I've warned you. You'll not forget that, Woosenham? You'll exonerate me, at any rate.'

'But I can't—God bless my soul, Acherley,' the poor man remonstrated, 'I can't act like that in a moment!' And Sir Charles stared aghast at his too violent associate, who had brought into the calm of his life so rude a blast of the outer air. 'I can't override all the formalities! I can't, indeed, even if it is as serious as you say it is—and I can hardly believe that—with such a man as Ovington at the helm!'

'You'll soon see how serious it is!' the other retorted. And satisfied that he had laid the train, he shrugged his shoulders, tossed off a third glass of the famous cherry-brandy, and took himself off without much ceremony.

He left a flustered, nervous, unhappy man behind him. 'Good G—d!' the baronet muttered, as he rose and paced his library, all the peace and pleasantness of his life shattered. 'What's to be done? And why—why in the world did I ever put my hand to this matter!' One by one and plainly all the difficulties of the position rose before him, the awkwardness and the risk. He must open the thing to Bourdillon—in itself a delicate matter—and obtain his signature. If he got that, he doubted if he had even then power to draw the whole amount in this way, and doubted, too, whether Ovington would surrender it,

no meeting of the Board having been held. And if he obtained the money, what was he to do with it? Pay it into Dean's? But if things were as bad as Acherley said, was even Dean's safe? For, of a certainty, if he removed the money to Dean's and it were lost, he would be responsible for every penny—every penny of it! There was no doubt about that.

Yet if he left it at Ovington's and it were lost, what then? It was not his custom to drink of a morning, but his perturbation was so great that he took a glass of the cherry-brandy. He really needed it.

He could not tell what to do. In every direction he saw some doubt or some difficulty arise to harass him. He was no man of business. In all matters connected with the Company he had leant on Ovington, and deprived of his prop he wavered, turning like a weathercock in the wind, making no progress.

For two days, though terribly uneasy in his mind, he halted between two opinions. He did nothing. Then tidings began to come to his ears, low murmurs of the storm which was raging afar off; and he wrote to Bourdillon asking him to come out and see him—he thought that he could broach the matter more easily on his own ground. But two days elapsed, during which he received no answer, and in the meantime the warnings that reached him grew louder and more disquieting. His valet let drop a discreet word while shaving him. A neighbour hoped that he had nothing in Ovington's—things were in a bad way, he heard. His butler asked leave to go to town to cash a note. Gradually he was wrought up to such a pitch of uneasiness that he could not sleep for thinking of the ten thousand pounds, and the things that would be said of him, and the figure that he would cut if, after Acherley's warning, the money were lost. When Wednesday morning came, he made up his mind to take advice, and he could think of no one on whose wisdom he could depend more surely than on the old Squire's at Garth; though, to be sure, to apply to him was, considering his attitude towards the Railroad, to eat humble pie.

Still, he made up his mind to that course, and at eleven he took my lady's landau and postillions, and started on his sixteen-mile drive to Garth. He avoided the town, though it lay only a little out of his way, but he saw enough of the unusual concourse on the road to add to his alarm. Once, nervous and fidgety, he was on the point of giving the order to turn the horses' heads for

Aldersbury—he would go direct to the bank and see Ovington! But before he spoke he changed his mind again, and half-past twelve saw him wheeling off the main road and cantering, with some pomp and much cracking of whips, up the rough ascent that led to Garth.

He was so far in luck that he found the Squire not only at home, but standing before the door, a gaunt, stooping figure, leaning on his stick, with Calamy at his elbow. 'Who is it?' the old man asked, as he caught the sound of galloping hoofs and the roll of the wheels. He turned his sightless eyes in the direction of the approaching carriage.

'I think it's Sir Charles, sir,' Calamy answered. 'It's his jackets.'

'Ay! Well, I won't go in, unless need be. Go you to the stables and bid 'em wait.'

Sir Charles alighted, and bidding the postillions draw off, greeted his host. 'I want your advice, Squire,' he said, putting his arm through the old man's, and, after a few ceremonial words he drew him a few paces from the door. It was a clear, mild day, and the sun was shining pleasantly. 'I'm in a position of difficulty, Griffin,' he said. 'You'll tell me, I know, that I've only myself to thank for it, and perhaps that is so. But that does not mend matters. The position, you see, is this.' And with many apologies and some shamefacedness he explained the situation.

The Squire listened with gloomy looks, and, beyond grunting from time to time in a manner far from cheering, he did not interrupt his visitor. 'Of course, I ought not to have touched the matter,' the baronet confessed, when he had finished his story. 'I know what you think about that, Griffin.'

'Of course you ought not!' The Squire struck his stick on the gravel. 'I warned you, man, and you wouldn't take the warning. You wouldn't listen to me. Why, damme, Woosenham, if *we* do these things, if we once begin to go on "Change" and sell and buy, where'll you draw the line? Where'll you draw the line? How are you going to shut out the tinkers and tailors and Brummagem and Manchester men when you make yourselves no better than them? How? By Jove, you may as well give 'em all votes at once, and in ten years' time we shall have bagmen on the Bench and Jews in the House! Aldshire—we've kept up the fence pretty well in Aldshire, and kept our hands pretty clean, too, and it's been my pride and my

father's to belong to this County. We're pure blood here. We've kept ourselves to ourselves, begad! But once begin this kind of thing——'

'I know, Griffin, I know,' Woosenham admitted meekly. 'You were right and I was wrong, Squire. But the thing is done, and what am I to do now? If I stand by and this money is lost——'

'Ay, ay! You'll have dropped us all into a pretty scalding pot, then!'

'Just so, just so.' The baronet had pleaded guilty, but he was growing restive under the other's scolding, and he plucked up spirit. 'Granted. But, after all, your nephew's in the concern, Griffin; he's in it, too, you know, and——'

He stopped, shocked by the effect of his words. For the old man had withdrawn his arm and had stepped back, trembling in all his limbs. 'Not with my good will!' he cried, and he struck his stick with violence on the ground. 'Never! never!' he repeated, passionately. 'But you are right,' bitterly, 'you are right, Woosenham. The taint is in the air, the taint of the City and the 'Change, and we cannot escape it even here—even here in this house! In the concern? Ay, he is! And I tell you I wish to heaven that he had been in his grave first!'

The other, a kindly man, was seriously concerned. 'Oh, come, Squire,' he said; and he took the old man affectionately by the arm again. 'It's no such matter as all that. You make too much of it. He's young, and the younger generation look at these things differently. After all, there's more to be said for him than for me.'

The Squire groaned.

'And, anyway, my old friend,' Woosenham continued gently, 'advise me. Time presses.' He looked at his watch. 'What shall I do? What had I better do? I know I am safe in your hands.'

The Squire sighed, but the other's confidence was soothing, and with the sigh he put off his own trouble. He reflected, his face turned to the ground at his feet. 'Do you think him honest?' he asked, after a pause.

'Who? Ovington?'

'Ay,' gloomily. 'Ovington. The banker there.'

'Well, I do think he is. Yes, I do think so. I've no reason to think otherwise.'

'He's a director, ain't he?'

'Of the Railroad? Yes.'

'Responsible as you are?'

'Yes, I suppose he is!'

'A kind of trustee, then, ain't he—for the shareholders?'

Sir Charles had not seen it in that light before. He looked at his adviser with growing respect. 'Well, I take it he is—now you mention it, Griffin,' he said.

'Then'—this, it was plain, was the verdict, and the other listened with all his ears—'if he is honest, he'll not have mixed the money with his own. He'll not have put it to an ordinary account, but to a Trust account—so that it will remain the property of the Company, and not be liable to calls on him. That's what he should have done, anyway. Whether he has done it or not is another matter. He's pressed, hard pressed, I hear, and I don't know that we can expect the last spit of honesty from such as him. It's not what I've been brought up to expect. But,' with a return of his former bitterness, 'we may be changing places with 'em even in that! God knows! And I do know something that gives me to believe that he may behave as he should.'

'You do?' Sir Charles exclaimed, his spirits rising. 'You do think so?'

'Well, I do,' reluctantly. 'I'll speak as I know. But if I were you I should go to him now and tell him, as one man to another, that that's what you expect; and if he hangs back, tell him plain that if that money's not put aside he'll have to answer to the law for it. Whether that will frighten him or not,' the Squire concluded, 'I'm not lawyer enough to say. But you'll learn his mind.'

'I'll go in at once,' Sir Charles replied, thankfully.

'I'm going in myself. If you'll take me in—you've four horses?—it will save time, and my people shall fetch me out in an hour or so.'

Sir Charles assented with gratitude, thankful for his support; and Calamy was summoned. Two minutes later they got away from the door in a splutter of flying gravel and dead beech leaves. They clattered down the stony avenue, over the bridge, and into the high road.

Probably of all those—and they were many—who travelled that day with their faces set towards the bank, they were the last to start. If Tuesday had been the town's day, this was

certainly the country's day. For one thing, there was a market ; for another, the news of something amiss, of something that threatened the little hoard of each—the slowly-garnered deposit or the hardly-won note—had journeyed by this time far and wide. It had reached alike the remote flannel-mill lapped in the folds of the border-hills, and the secluded hamlet buried amid orchards, and traceable on the landscape only by the grey tower of its church. On foot and on horse-back, riding and tying, in gigs and ass-carts, in market vans and carriers' carts, the countryside came in—all who had anything to lose, and many who had nothing at stake, but were moved by a vague alarm. Even before day-break the roads had begun to echo the sound of their marching. They came by the East Bridge, labouring up the steep-winding Cop ; by the West Bridge and under the gabled fronts of Maerdol, along the river bank, before the house of the old sea-dog whose name was a household word, and whose portrait hung behind the mayor's chair, and so up the Foregate—from every quarter they came. Before ten the streets were teeming with country-folk, whose fears were not allayed by the news that all through the previous day the townsfolk had been drawing their money. Sullen tradesmen, victims of the general depression, eyed the march from their shop doors, and some, fearing trouble, put up half their shutters. More took a malicious amusement in telling the rustics that they were too late, and that the bank would not open.

The alarm was heightened by a chance word which had fallen from Frederick Welsh. The lawyer's last thought had been to do harm, for his interest in common with all substantial men lay the other way. But that morning, before he had dressed, or so much as shaved, his office and even his dining-room had been invaded. Scared clients had overwhelmed him with questions—some that he could answer and more that he could not. He could tell them the law as to their securities, whether they were lodged for safety, or pawned for loans, or mortgaged on general account. But he could not tell them whether Ovington was solvent, or whether the bank would open, or whether Dean's was affected ; and it was for answers to these questions that they clamoured. In the end, badgered out of all patience, he had delivered a curt lecture on banking.

'Look here, gentlemen,' he had said, imposing silence from his hearthrug and pressing his points with wagging forefinger,

'do you know what happens when you pay a thousand pounds into a bank? No, you don't. Well, I'll tell you. They put a hundred pounds into the till, and they lend out four thousand pounds on the strength of the other nine hundred. If they lend more than that, or lend that without security, they go beyond legitimate banking. Now you know as much as I do. A banker's money is out on bills payable in two months or four, it's out on the security of shares and farms and shop-stock, it's lent on securities that cannot be realised in five minutes. But it's all there, mark me, somewhere, in something, gentlemen; and I tell you candidly that it's my opinion that if you would all go home and wait for your money till you need it, you'd all get it in full, twenty shillings in the pound.'

He meant no harm, but unfortunately the men who heard the lecture paid no heed to the latter part, but went out, impressed with the former, and spread it broad-cast. On which some cried 'That's banking, is it! Shameful, I call it!' while others said 'Well, I call it robbery! The old tea-pot for me after this!' A few were for moving off at once and breaking Ovington's windows, and going on to Dean's and serving them the same. But they were restrained, things had not quite come to that; and it was an orderly if excited throng that once more waited on Bride Hill and in the Market Place for the opening of the doors.

Not all who gathered there had anything to lose. Many were mere onlookers. But here and there were to be seen compressed lips, pale faces, anxious eyes. Here and there women gripped books in feverish fingers or squeezed handkerchiefs into tight balls; and now and again a man broke into bad words and muttered what he would do if they robbed him. There were country shopkeepers who had lodged the money to meet the traveller's account, and trembled for its safety. There were girls who saw their hard-earned portions at stake, and parsons whose hearts ached as they thought of the invalid wife or the boy's school-bill; and there were at least a score who knew that if the blow fell the bailiff, never far from the threshold, would be in the house. Before the eyes of not a few rose the spectres of the poor-house and a pauper funeral.

Standing in groups or dotted amid the crowd were bigger men—wool-brokers and cattle-dealers—men loud in bar-parlours and great among their fellows, whose rubicund faces showed flabby and mottled, and whose fleshy lips moved in endless cal-

culations. How was this bill to be met, and who would renew that one? Too often the end of their calculations spelled ruin—if the bank failed. Ruin—and many were they who depended on these big men: wage-earners, clerks, creditors, poor relations! One man walking up and down under the arcade of the Market House was the centre for many eyes. He was an auctioneer from a neighbouring town, a man of wide dealings, who, it was whispered, had lodged with Ovington's the proceeds of his last great sale—a sum running into thousands and due every penny to the vendor.

His case and other hard cases were whispered by one to another, and, bruited about, they roused the passions even of those who were not involved. Yet when the bank at length opened on the stroke of ten an odd thing happened. A sigh, swelling to a murmur, rose from the dense crowd, but no one moved. The expected came as the unexpected, there was a moment of suspense, of waiting. No one advanced. Then someone raised a shout and there was a rush for the entrance; men struggled and women were thrust aside, smaller men were borne in on the arms of their fellows. A wail rose from the unsuccessful, but no man heeded it, or waited for his neighbour, or looked aside to see who it was who strove and thrust and struggled at his elbow. They pushed in tumultuously, their country boots drumming on the boards. Their entrance was like the inrush of an invading army.

The clerks, the cashier, Ovington himself, stood at the counter waiting motionless to receive them, confronting them with what courage they might. But the strain of the preceding day had told. The clerks could not conceal their misgivings, and even Rodd failed to bear himself with the chilling air which had yesterday abashed the modest. He shot vindictive glances across the counter, his will was still good to wither, but the crowd was to-day made up of rougher material, was more brusque and less subservient. They cared nothing for him, and he looked, in spite of his efforts, weary and dispirited. There was no longer any pretence that things were normal or that the bank was not face to face with a crisis. The gloves were off. They were no longer banker and customers. They were enemies.

It was Ovington himself who this morning stood forward, and in a few cold words informed his friends that they would all be paid, requesting them at the same time to be good enough to keep order and await their turns, otherwise it would be

impossible to proceed with the business. He added a single sentence, in which he expressed his regret that those who had known him so long should doubt, as he could only suppose that they did doubt, his ability to meet his engagements.

It was well done, with calmness and dignity, but as he ceased to speak—his appearance had for the moment imposed silence—a disturbance broke out near the door. A man thrust himself in. Ovington, already in the act of turning, recognised the newcomer, and a keen observer might have noted that his face, grave before, turned a shade paler. But he met the blow. 'Is that Mr. Yapp?' he asked.

It was the auctioneer from Iron Ferry. 'Ay, Mr. Ovington, it is,' he said, the perspiration on his face, 'and you know my position.'

Ovington nodded. Yapp was one of five depositors—big men—whose claims had been, for the last twenty-four hours, a nightmare to him. But he let nothing be seen, and 'Kindly let Mr. Yapp pass,' he said; 'I will deal with him myself.' Then, as one or two murmured and protested, 'Gentlemen,' he said sternly, 'you must let me conduct my business in my own way, or I close my doors. Let Mr. Yapp pass, if you please.'

They let him through then, some grumbling, others patting him on the back—'Good luck to you, Jimmy!' cried one well-wisher—the counter was raised, and re-settling his clothes about him, the auctioneer followed Mr. Ovington into the parlour. The banker closed the door upon them.

'How much is it, Mr. Yapp?' he asked.

The man's hand shook as he drew out the receipt. 'Two thousand, seven hundred and forty,' he said. 'I hope to God it's all right, sir?' His voice shook. 'It's not my money, and to lose it would three parts ruin me.'

'You need not fear,' the banker assured him. 'The money is here.' But for a moment he did not continue. He stood, his eyes on the man's face, lost in thought. Then, 'The money is here, and you can have it, Yapp,' he said. 'But I am going to be plain with you. You will do me the greatest possible favour if you will leave it for a few days. The bank is solvent—I give you my honour it is. No one will lose a penny by it in the end. But if this and other large sums are drawn to-day I may have to close for a time, and the injury to me will be very great. If you wish to make a friend who may be able to return the favour ten-fold—'

But Yapp shook his head. 'I daren't do it!' he declared,

the sweat springing out anew on his face. 'It isn't my money and I can't leave it! I daren't do it, sir!'

Ovington saw that it was of no use to plead farther, and he changed his tone. 'Very good,' he said, and he forced himself to speak equably. 'I quite understand. You shall have the money.' Sitting down at the table he wrote the amount on a slip, and struck the bell that stood beside his desk. The younger clerk came in. He handed him the slip.

Yapp did not waver, but he remembered that good turns had been done to him in that room, and he was troubled. 'If it was my money,' he said awkwardly, 'or if there was anything else I could do, Mr. Ovington?'

'You can,' Ovington replied. He had got himself in hand, and he spoke cheerfully.

'Well——'

'You can hold your tongue, Yapp,' smiling.

'It's done, sir. I won't have a tongue except to say that the money's paid. You may depend upon me.'

'Thank you. I shall not forget it.' The clerk brought in the money, and stayed until the sum was counted and checked and the receipt given. Then, 'That's right, Mr. Yapp,' the banker said, and sat back in his chair. 'Show Mr. Yapp out, Williams.'

Yapp followed the clerk. His appearance in the bank was greeted by half a dozen voices. 'Ha' you got it?' they cried.

He was a man of his word, and he slapped his pocket briskly. 'Every penny!' he said, and something like a cheer went up. 'I'd not have worried, but it wasn't my money.'

Ovington's appeal to him had been a forlorn hope, and much, now it had failed, did the banker regret it. But he had calculated that that twenty-seven hundred pounds might just make the difference, and he had been tempted. Left to himself he sat, turning it over, and wondering if the auctioneer would be silent; and his face, now that the mask was off, was haggard and careworn. He had slept little the night before, and things were working out as he had feared that they would.

Presently he heard a disturbance in the bank. Something had occurred to break the orderly course of paying out. He rose and went out, a frown on his face. He was prepared for trouble, but he found to his relief that the interruption was caused by nothing worse than his son's return.

Having given his word to Arthur to carry the money through the bank, Clement had sunk whatever scruples he felt, and had made

up his mind to do it handsomely. He had driven up to the door with a flourish, had taken the gold from the chaise under the public eye, and now, with all the parade he could, he was bringing it into the bank. His brisk entrance and cheery presence, and the careless words he flung on this side and that as he pushed through the crowd, seemed in a trice to clear the air and lift the depression. Not even Arthur could have carried the thing through more easily or more flamboyantly. And that was saying much.

'Make way! Make way, if you please, gentlemen!' he cried, his face ruddy with the sharp, wintry air. 'Let me in, please! Now, if you want to be paid, you must let the money come through! Plenty of money! Plenty for all of you, gentlemen, and more where this comes from! But you must let me get by! Hallo, Rawlins, is that you? You're good at dead weights. Here, lift it! What do you make of it?' And he thrust the bag he carried into a stout farmer's hands.

'Well, it be pretty near fifty pund, I'd say,' Rawlins replied. 'Though, by gum, it don't look within a third of it, Mr. Clement.'

Clement laughed. 'Well done!' he said. 'You're just about right. And you can say after this, Rawlins, that you've lifted fifty pound weight of gold! Now, make way, gentlemen, make way, if you please. There's more to come in! Plenty more.'

He bustled through with the bag, greeted his father gaily, and placed his burden on the floor beside him. Then he went back for the other bag. He made a second countryman weigh this, grinned at his face of astonishment, then taking up the two bags he went through with his father to the parlour.

His arrival did good. The clerks perked up, smiled at one another, went to and fro more briskly. Rodd braced himself and, though he knew the truth, began to put on airs, bandied words with a client, and called contemptuously for order. And the customers looked sheepish. Gold! Gold coming in like that in bags as if 'twere common stuff. It made them think twice. A few, balancing in their minds a small possible loss against the banker's certain favour, hesitated and hung back. Two or three even went out without cashing their notes and shrugged their shoulders in the street, declaring that the whole thing was nonsense. They had been bamboozled. They had been hoaxed. The bank was sound enough.

But behind the parlour door things wore a different aspect.

(To be continued.)

FRANK BURNAND—EDITOR OF 'PUNCH.'

BY SIR HENRY LUCY.

ON November 18, 1873, Lord Dufferin wrote to Abraham Hayward from Somerset House, Ottawa: 'Do you happen to have come across any more of Charley Sheridan's grand sayings besides the one you have recorded? It seems such a pity that the bright creature should have passed away leaving so few traces of his liveliness and wit.' The remark and regret apply with equal force to Frank Burnand. In his correspondence and conversation he bubbled with wit and humour. He was at his best at the weekly *Punch* dinner where, with an audience few but fit, he rollicked his way through the evening. I have often regretted that I never made a note of his good things. I suppose the fact is they were so bountiful that they were accepted as commonplace, with the assurance that there would be plenty more at the next dinner.

Burnand's succession to the Editorship of *Punch* was quickly followed by a brightening up of the old popular favourite, languishing under the hand of Tom Taylor. It was kept going by the pictures of Tenniel, du Maurier, and Keene. But its literary pages were duller than Hansard.

Burnand, in the course of a year or two, recruited to the regular staff Anstey Guthrie, R. C. Lehmann, and, later, Charles Graves—an invaluable find. Other later comers on his invitation were Lucas, Milne, and Seaman, completing a galaxy of rare brilliancy.

Attracted as he told me by certain articles appearing in the columns of the *Observer* under the heading 'From the Cross Benches,' he wrote asking me to continue the long-established *Punch* article entitled 'Essence of Parliament.' I was delighted, but negotiations early reached a hitch which threatened to break them off. It was Shirley Brooks who invented this prominent feature of the paper, and having for many sessions occupied a seat in the Press Gallery, he was qualified to impart to it a *vraisemblance* that made it attractive and instructive. Tom Taylor coming into the Editor's chair and feeling, like Habakkuk, *capable de tout*, undertook to continue Shirley Brooks' work. Knowing nothing of Parliament, its methods or

its men, he was obliged to depend upon the reports in the newspapers for his material. He produced a page of bald summary that would not have found acceptance in a country weekly paper. I told Burnand I could not write under the disadvantage of a heading thus discredited. 'Essence of Parliament' was, however, a feature of *Punch* sanctified by long use, and he was resolute in objection to displacing it. I was equally convinced that I could not adopt it, so we parted with mutual expression of regret. On reflection I hit upon a compromise which was promptly accepted, and the article became known as 'Essence of Parliament: Extracted from the Diary of Toby M.P.'

Thirty-one years later, I received the following letter:

18 Royal Crescent, Ramsgate,
November 6, 1912.

MY DEAR LUCY—Sincerest thanks for 'Nearing Jordan,' I shall go through all the passages which I know will be admirably light and anticipate being greatly interested and vastly entertained. But my dear ancient fellow-worker to me personally the greatest value of this book is the evidence of your affection in your own handwriting at the head of the first page. This was indeed the Happiest of Happy Thoughts, and brings to my mind vividly the memory of one of my very Happiest thoughts, which was my sending to you to ask you to consider how taking up the Parliamentary business of *Punch* would 'suit your book' (not then written) and the result being that you 'accepted the situation'—with what exceptionally successful result everyone has, long ago, known.

What work you have done! and still will be doing.

Again 'Gratias Maximas Tibi!'—(uncommonly like 'Toby' is 'Tibi!'—a mere accident), with best regards to your wife, who I trust has, by now, perfectly recovered.

I am,

Yours Sincerely,

F. C. BURNAND.

The praise is extravagant, but it was Frank's habit to lavish it on the work of his colleagues if it chanced to catch his fancy.

Whilst he had likings amounting in some cases to warm affection he also had aversions, and was equally emphatic in expressing them. One of these was for Albert Smith. When someone wrote about *Punch* and spoke of A. S. as a member of the staff, Burnand replied:

DEAR LUCY—Albert Smith was never on the Staff of *Punch*: he was a contributor; and (I remember Mark Lemon telling me this) in consequence of his using some French original and passing the article off on Mark as his own, Mark had an interview with him and declined his services in the future. He was for a short time a regular outside contributor but was never at any time 'on the Staff': never dined at the *Punch* Table. Douglas Jerrold disliked him and said 'He only tells two-thirds of the truth even in signing his initials, . . . A. S.' Leech was the only *Punch* Man, except Poni Mayhew, who, as I believe, remained on friendly terms with him.

Yours ever,

F. C. B.

Albert Smith (with Angus Reach and Shirley Brooks) attacked *Punch* when *The Man in the Moon* was started. The attacks ceased with the desertion of Shirley who joined the *Punch* forces. Then *The Man in the Moon* was extinguished, was relighted as *The Month*, kept burning by Albert Smith for about a year or so, and then—was snuffed out.

F. C. B.

When in January 1881 I was admitted to the circle seated round 'The Table,' I had formed the idea that the dinner would be a substantial but humble repast consisting of a joint and vegetables, probably washed down with stout or bitter beer, according to individual taste. To my agreeable surprise I found provided a feast that would have satisfied the aspirations of guests at the Mansion House. William Bradbury, the senior partner in the firm owning *Punch*, was at that time and up to his death purveyor of the various entertainments provided for those whom he called 'My Boys.' He thought nothing was too good for them. The dinner consisted of several courses, including all the good things of the current season. Only one wine was drunk, but it was an Iyala, a brand of champagne of supremely delicate flavour, which, by the way, in the inexplicable variation of fashion, is to-day rarely seen on the dinner table. So much the worse for the guests. A fine cognac was served with the coffee. Later, cigars were produced, with whisky and apollinaris for those who found discussion of the 'big cut' dry work. But these things were long ago.

My first lithographed invitation fixed the dinner hour at six o'clock, the hour at which, since establishment of the weekly dinner, the staff used to gather in Bouverie Street. Amongst many

improvements which Burnand introduced on assuming the Editorship, he made the dinner hour seven o'clock, a time early as compared with the modern London dinner hour, but convenient in view of the work in hand.

Shortly after eight o'clock the cloth was cleared, coffee brought in, cigars lit, and work begun.

There is, I fancy, among the public an idea that the *Punch* cartoon is conceived, drawn, and printed, like other newspaper matter, on the day preceding publication. If that were so, it would greatly lighten the labour of those concerned in the business. As a matter of fact, the cartoon is in every detail devised and settled on the Wednesday night a week ahead of the day on which it is on sale on the bookstalls or elsewhere. To look ahead a full week, select the topic which shall then be chiefly to the fore, and treat it pictorially in accordance with the relative circumstances of the hour is no easy task. That it has been accomplished weekly for eighty years with extremely few mishaps testifies to the meticulous care with which a cartoon is devised, and the political prescience brought to bear on the task. The classical failure happened when on the very day *Punch* came out with a spirited picture of Gordon freeing himself from peril at Khartoum, boys were crying aloud in the streets news that he was slain.

Thackeray sang of the Table as 'the mahogany tree.' Truth to tell, its top is of plain deal, a more convenient material for the cutting of initials. These mutely chronicle the history of *Punch* for more than half a century. They bring one as it were into actual touch with men famous in Art and Literature. Among them are the finely cut monograms of Mark Lemon, the first Editor; Percival Leigh, known as 'The Professor'; Thackeray, a carefully thought-out elaborate design; Leech, who by exception dates his first work (1864) and adds his cypher, a leech wriggling in a decanter of water; Horace Mayhew, Tom Taylor, Shirley Brooks, and Tenniel, whose monogram appeared for more than a generation on inimitable cartoons. He much affected this device, frequently using it for signature in his private correspondence. He also pencilled it on the bowl of his long churchwarden pipe he smoked after dinner. On the other side of the table Charles Keene presented a contrast, puffing from a small metal pipe such as is commonly used in Japan.

Of more modern times are the initials of Burnand, du Maurier, Linley Sambourne, Arthur and Gilbert à Beckett, E. J. Millikin,

the Poet of *Punch*, who though perhaps least known to the public was one of its most highly valued members ; Harry Furniss, Anstey Guthrie, E. T. Reed, R. C. Lehmann, Partridge, H. W. L., and Phil May, whose early death left a blank in the pages of *Punch* never since filled.

Thackeray resigned his place on the staff of *Punch* in March 1855. He had for some time contemplated the step, being offended by constant gibes at the Prince Consort and systematic hostility to Lord Palmerston. The climax was reached in an incident he described in a letter to one of the proprietors tendering his resignation. 'Coming from Edinburgh,' he wrote, 'I bought a *Punch* containing the picture of a beggar on horseback in which the Emperor was represented as galloping to Hell with a sword reeking with blood. As soon as ever I could after my return, I went to Bouverie Street, saw you, and gave in my resignation.'

Reading the 'Letters of Abraham Hayward,' a forgotten book, in interest second only to 'Walpole's Letters,' I came upon a curious passage illustrating the position held by Thackeray at the time he joined the *Punch* staff. Napier, Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, writing to Hayward, says : 'Will you tell me whether you know anything of a Mr. Thackeray about whom Longman has written me thinking he would be a good hand for light articles ? He says this Mr. Thackeray is one of the best writers in *Punch*. One requires to be very much on one's guard in engaging with mere strangers.'

In course of time 'a Mr. Thackeray' went far, eclipsing even the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

A permanent service to *Punch* done by Burnand was the re-establishment—perhaps it is truer to say the creation—of a weekly page of book reviewing. He took a keen personal interest in 'Our Booking Office,' as with the inevitable pun he named it. At the outset he wrote the whole of it himself, speedily making it a popular and frequently quoted feature in publishers' announcements. After a while he recruited me for collaboration, and eventually I chiefly filled the page. 'The Baron de Bookworms' he signed, and I became 'My Baronite.'

An indomitable letter-writer, he frequently commented on a particular review. The subjoined letter refers to John Oliver Hobbes' novel in which she introduces Disraeli, and makes the definite statement that on his death bed he was admitted to the Catholic Church.

Thursday Night 10.30 P.M.

DEAR LUCY—No!—I've galloped through Mrs. Craigie's book. It is a mistake as a novel.

The thing interested me muchly as belonging to the *vie la plus intime de Dizzy*.

Whether it is known beyond a small circle I am not aware. I believe on good authority that he did occasionally go to the Catholic Church in Farm Street: I was informed that at the last he sent for a certain priest who was one of the Fathers in residence. This particular Father was out when Dizzy's servant arrived, and the hall porter not knowing that it was Dizzy's servant, unaware that it was 'a sick call' of the greatest urgency, did not mention where the Priest could be found; nor did the Priest himself hear of the summons until too late to render any assistance. So Dizzy was not received into the Catholic Church on his death-bed. Still such matter is not for a novel and I am astonished at Mrs. Craigie's having made so great a mistake: and worse—a blunder: as the story wanders and is lost: but long before the story is lost the reader loses any interest he may have at first felt in the story.

I return to what I wrote at first: *i.e.*, the earliest part of Book I. is the very best of it all. *Après ça le déluge*.

F. C. B.

Another book in which the devout Catholic was interested was the 'Life of Cardinal Wiseman':

18 Royal Crescent, Ramsgate.

January 23, 1898.

DEAR LUCY—In the 'Booking Office' I should much like (if you see your way to do it) a brief review of a biography which has been universally praised and which I have just finished reading: I mean Wilfrid Ward's 'Cardinal Wiseman' (2 vols. Longmans).

At p. 33 vol. ii. is recounted with just appreciation how *Punch* 'most admirably gave caricatures of Wiseman and Newman.'

He quotes generally; and I think the passage quoted at length was written by Thackeray (p. 34). The next 'par' was (I guess by its style) written by Percival Leigh.

The great cartoon on the subject was by Leech ridiculing Lord John Russell who chalked up 'No Popery' and then—ran away. The other portions quoted are also by Percival Leigh 'The Professor.'

It is interesting to note how *Punch* is accepted as evidence of the contemporary popular voice; though we must not say

'Vox Populi, vox Punchi' lest we be taken up and fined for profanity. But so it is.

Had *Punch* then foretold the ultimate fate of the 'Ecclesiastical Titles Bill' who would have believed his prophecy? Mr. Punch's only mistake was when he was too serious over the matter, that is, in about two only of the many cartoons and pictures he published anent this subject. It is a noteworthy book in any case, but in this special connection (and as having been universally as well received as it undoubtedly deserves to be from a merely literary point of view) Mr. Punch might graciously and tactfully mention it in 'The Booking Office.' 'As your Lordship pleases.'

Yours very truly

F. C. BURNAND.

Burnand asked me to let him have the copy of another episcopal 'Life' I had reviewed. I told him I had intended to present it to Lady Jeune's daughter just married. I added he should certainly have the book if he greatly desired it. He replied:

Whitefriars,
London, E.C.,
October 30, 1896.

DEAR LUCY—Pass the Bishop on to the Lady. Let her take his life, poor dear. Perhaps she is not Jeunesse dorée now and the book will be quite a little relief to her pocket. I haven't time to read it now: I had when I sent for it: but that's 'tempus actum.' I've other fish to fry: not in melting butter. Are you taking waters? Don't take cold. Beastly things Harrogate waters, but Beneficial. Best remembrances to Mrs. Lucy: hope she hasn't to Harrogate herself: quite the person who does not Harrogate to herself anything except what is strictly her due: 'Arrygate waters (Millikin wrote about 'em) are not anybody's dew.

Partridge has made a hit in new play. Odd! considering this is the shooting season. Quite a vice versa. Xmas No. soon going to Press. Sammy lagging: everybody else up to date—bar Reed, a trifle behind.

Good short stories of yours: Dickensian. Reed's off to America. I'm off to Ramsgate. How long How long How long are you at 'Arrygate?

Yours,

F. C. B.

With eight or ten men seated for three or four hours in the dining room at Bouverie Street all smoking it grew rather stuffy in summer time. Burnand, paying a visit to the Court in which the Parnell Commission sat, found there was something positively worse.

October 30th, 1896.

MY DEAR LUCY—What is the atmosphere of Bouverie Street compared with that of the Divorce Court No. 1. during the Special Commission? Why not specially ventilated as it exists for specially ventilating these Irish questions? Biggar delightful. You couldn't see him where you sat. Davitt repressed Healy when the latter made an objectionable remark and was corrected by Hannen. The Usher is beautiful. He ought to be on the bench. Sorry you couldn't see Biggar. He was so amused at everything.

When there's likely to be a 'scene' I shall look in again, but with a bagpipe full of pure air—pure air of Scotland—under my arm.

Yours ever,

F. C. BURNAND.

Did you see Arthur à Beckett's umbrella!!! [Here follows a pen-and-ink sketch with explanation.]

Thirty years ago there was a craze for identifying from internal evidence the person lovingly addressed by Shakespeare in his 'Sonnets.' An example may be cited from a passage in 'The Diary of Toby M.P.' which demonstrated that he was W. H. Smith, the popular Leader of the House of Commons known to *Punch* readers as 'Old Morality.' Toby noted in one of the sonnets (I forget which) that in successive lines appeared the initials W. H. S. What could be more convincing? Burnand, adopting the fashion of the day, wrote the following:

Ramsgate,
April 13, 1896.

MY DEAR LUCY—The object of this communication is to say

'Lucy, farewell!'

(1st. part K. Hen. VI. Act IV, Sc. 3).

Then Sc. 4.

'Here is Sir William Lucy.'

'How now, Sir William?'

The above out of my *Sortes Shakespearianae* are prophetic. Like Shakespeare's reference to Old Morality which you discovered. One day you will be 'Sir William (H.) Lucy.'

Also read what Joan La Pucelle thought of Sir William Lucy's style of conversation, vide King Hen. VI. Act IV., Sc. 7.

'Here is a silly stately style indeed!'

Then Lucy (Sir W.) 'drops into po'try.'

'I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd

'A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.'

Sir W. was a bit vague in his metre, tho' correct in his rhyme, W. S. (not Gilbert but Shakespeare) never wrote this, I'll swear. But there it is, sans blague ou bogus, and thou canst, an thou wilt, verify the quotation.

Yours truly,

F. C. BURNAND.

Perhaps and tis most likely you already knew it all. I didn't, having generally skipped the greater portion of this play of dubious origin.

Early in 1888 Burnand, absent from the Table once or twice owing to indisposition, was under the care of Dr. Robson Roose, who at one time had the principal Members of Gladstone's Cabinet in his charge. The reference to the 'collared head' in the following letter is of course to *Punch's* practice of partly hiding Gladstone's head in a gigantic shirt collar.

Whitefriars, London,
February 1, 88.

O you humbug. You not dining out!! Marry come up!

Forsooth! Go to!

Go to———

Well!!! I hope you will keep well.

Yes we'll dine with thee. Thou hast asked us on the very day we can dine with you: couldn't be better. I want your opening of Parliament to be as brief as wit can make it, just to fit into the page if possible where Furniss's design appears.

I am Robsoning-Rooseing. I was there to-day. Shall be there to-morrow. Too much 'dieting' will not suit me. But it will suit you and you must be very careful. I've told Roose what a chap you are. Don't have too many Marquises and Earls and Dukes to meet me. As Gladstone will be there I suppose we shall have a dish of collared head ?

Bless thee and thy wife.

Yours ever,

F. C. BURNAND.

The following is a characteristic description of his restricted diet :

27 The Boltons, S.W.,

October 9.

I make progress in the Land of Lithia where the Wiskivites live. There, I think, for some little time longer. With all the Fleshmeat family I am 'dead cuts' ['cuts,' not 'cats'] and Priscilla Potage I now never press to my lips. My only true friends I find are the firm Fish & Co: Peter Poultry is always with me and occasionally a little game enlivens the proceedings

To Both of You,

F. C. B.

Dismissal from the Editorship of *Punch*, which happened in 1906, broke Burnand's big heart. He never recovered from the blow. Oddly enough he seems to have had years ahead of the accomplished event dim apprehension of its occurrence. In January 1901 he sent me a note in which was written 'If I were ex-editorshipped off I should be reduced to this. Heaven forfend.' Below was a pen-and-ink sketch showing him seated in a chair by the roadside, a battered hat held forth for coppers from the generous passer-by. At his feet crouched a half-starved dog, presumably Toby. Probably the idea of this sketch originated in editorial changes taking place at the time in another London newspaper office. However it be, it was gruesomely prophetic.

As soon as notice was served upon him he wrote a hurried request that I would call without delay. Obeying the summons I found him suddenly grown ten years older in looks, tears streaming down his cheeks.

He told me the stoppage of his salary meant penury for his wife and family. This information came as a surprise. For fifty years

he had been in regular receipt of a liberal income. In addition to his *Punch* salary he had published several books and written plays whose long run brought him in much money. Apparently he, careless of the morrow, had spent every penny as it came in. His constitutional habit in such matters is unconsciously disclosed in a sentence in a letter from Monte Carlo written two years earlier. 'We leave the land of sunshine and north wind on Friday, and by the *train de luxe*. My luck's been pretty good but only to-day.'

After a run of ill-luck at the gaming table he won some money and straightway determined to spend it on the most expensive railway journey available.

His object in seeing me was to ask if I would use any influence I might possess to obtain for him a Government annuity. On going down to the House of Commons I saw the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Asquith) in his room and laid the case before him. His reply was prompt :

House of Commons,
March 23, 1906.

MY DEAR LUCY—I spoke to the Prime Minister (Campbell Bannerman) just now about F. C. B. It will be all right, but some delay has occurred owing to the illness of the Private Sec^{ty} who looks after these things. He will soon be back again.

Yours,
H. H. ASQUITH.

The officials of the Treasury were not to be hurried, and Burnand wrote several impatient letters urging me to wake them up. At the end of four months he was enabled to send the following, its concluding passage testifying to temporary recovery of his former high spirits.

18 Royal Crescent, Ramsgate.
August 1, 1906.

DEAR LUCY—You just set the ball a-rolling and it has at last tumbled into the right hole for it—my pocket. Very many thanks to you. I am now in comparative clover. I've only just discovered that this is but half a sheet, quite enough in this weather when blankets are burdens. I suppose you are for gadding about by sea and land—the moor the merrier—into plenty of 'grouse in the gun-room,' and prospect of venison in the near future.

The announcement of the dismissal of Burnand from the Editorship came with a shock of pained surprise to his colleagues. It was certainly not due to failing capacity. He had filled the chair on the preceding Wednesday in his usual high spirits, watching the development of the cartoon from its chrysalis stage to its final development with his customary keenness and patience, listening attentively to suggestions, swiftly seizing and debating any that had promise in it.

In justice to the proprietors it is only fair to state that Burnand was himself largely responsible for what happened. Having come to regard himself as indispensable he was apt to reject cavalierly any suggestion coming from the firm. This attitude led to trouble so far back as the earlier proprietorship of William Bradbury and Sir William Agnew. In 1895 matters reached a crisis.

I avail myself with pleasure of permission to quote the following letter, which indicates the personal good feeling towards Burnand animating alike the old proprietors and their successors.

10 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street,
November 27, 1895.

MY DEAR LUCY—For your loyal and kindly intervention in this most unfortunate business, please accept my very warmest thanks. I am rejoiced to think that peace and harmony will reign again, and this result I shall attribute very largely to your efforts. No allusion will ever be made by us to any member of the staff as regards what I may call the other side of the question, but I wish you to know this one fact from me—that the letter in question (as all letters to the Editor on *Punch* matters) was written in strictest confidence, and that the writer thereof never dreamed that it would be treated otherwise than as private. Make what use you like of this letter, but please do not allude to it in any way in the presence of Frank Burnand, for between him and us a complete understanding has been arrived at, and we remain the friends we were before.

Believe me, my dear Lucy,
Yours very truly,
PHILIP L. AGNEW.

The 'complete understanding' rejoiced in by Phil Agnew was not of long duration. Sir William Agnew and I were for several

years among the guests, chiefly R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s, entertained at dinner by Mr. Tate at his suburban residence on the eve of the opening of the annual R.A. Exhibition. Agnew on his way thither used to call in for me at Ashley Gardens. On one occasion—it was in April 1897—he on the journey startled me by another offer of the Editorship of *Punch*. Ascertaining that it was not a question of Burnand's voluntary resignation, I declined the offer forthwith, and was not moved by subsequent pressing renewals. It was, I confess, a sore temptation. I regarded the Editorship of *Punch* as the blue riband of Journalism. But Burnand had brought me on the paper. For more than a quarter of a century I had been his colleague and intimate friend. So the matter dropped and no member of the staff, least of all the Editor, had knowledge of the incident.

The following letter contains a well-earned tribute to E. T. Reed, whose withdrawal from *Punch* was, in respect of damage, second if not equal in effect to that of Phil May. The reference to 'lifeboats' is to one I was privileged to provide in the place of one wrecked off Caister.

Ramsgate,
October 30, 1912.

How are your Lifeboats getting along? Excellently I trust. My love to the buoys.

Wonderful weather here. Stormy petreleuse flying overhead. I go not out much—shall soon go out altogether. Am now seventy-six. Ça donne à penser.

Entre nous (as we have—or I have—'dropped into' gallic), clever as your parliamentary illustrator is, his 'cuts' cannot be favourably compared with poor Reed's. They are serious, and as Lord Somebody used to say in the 'Pantomine Rehearsal' 'Oh, if it's humour you want.' Well that's what he does want.

Yours ever,

F. C. B.

Here is the last letter that reached me from Burnand, the last of several hundred.

18 Royal Crescent, Ramsgate,
June 9, 1916.

MY DEAR LUCY—I wish I were sufficiently strong to write my full appreciation of your 'Nearing Jordan' which during the

past week I have found fascinatingly interesting. Being unable to get out, except now and then, when at all fine and warm in the garden, your latest has proved itself a most congenial companion. To me, the Parliamentary part is a special attraction and of this I trust there will be further development. Probably your Parliamentary readers will express a similar wish as to the non-parliamentary portions. Maybe the reminiscences will 'by general desire' be 'continued in the next.'

Wishing you any amount of multiplication of the success that 'Nearing Jordan' is certain to obtain. With best wishes to Lady Lucy and yourself.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

F. C. BURNAND.

Why 'Nearing Jordan'? You are the last person to be 'sent to Jericho.'—F. C. B.

On April 21, 1917, he passed painlessly away, having lived a long and merry life, saddened only by the cloud that finally overcast and blighted it. For some months he was confined to his bed. But up to the last he spent his waking-hours reading. His inseparable companions were the works of Dickens. 'Tired!' he exclaimed, when his wife, on the day before the end came, was compassionating him on his helpless condition. 'How could I be tired with these books within reach?' and he laid an affectionate hand on the topmost volume conveniently placed by his bedside. It was 'Great Expectations,' his favourite among Dickens' works.

Great Expectations! He died in full trust and hope, cheered by the last consolations of the Church of which he was a devout son.

RUGBY FOOTBALL IN THE 'SIXTIES.

THE Jubilee year of the first inter-University football match under Rugby rules would seem to provide a fair excuse for one of the few surviving players from the pre-historic period to break into reminiscence. And I use the term advisedly, for the opening of the 'seventies marks with sufficient accuracy the first general acceptance of organised football as a *man's* game. The present-day historians all write vicariously and at second hand on the Rugby game of the 'fifties and 'sixties for the best of reasons; nor like the historians of early cricket do they make any attempt to recapture its 'atmosphere.' Perhaps they couldn't! Their failings are but those of omission, and the result leaves the picture of those warm-blooded old days thin and incomplete.

Though I played the old Rugby game as a boy through most of the 'sixties, and have a retentive memory for things like this that unfortunately do not much matter, I can only hope to fill in a small part of the void left by the professed football writer merely because he was born too late.

Prior to the 'seventies football was regarded as a purely boys' game, and, strange as it may now seem, as the virtual monopoly of boys of the higher classes. It was not till long years after this that it reached the proletariat. Its cult was overwhelmingly concentrated in the larger and more important public schools, then few in number, and under varying rules which each jealously cherished. It was played, I am sure, with quite as much ardour as to-day, though scarcely a drop of printer's ink was ever expended upon it outside the school magazines. Furthermore, when a boy left school he never expected to kick a football again unless maybe in some 'old boys' match, a less frequent event than now for obvious reasons. The football hero, who, though a rather lesser light than his cricketing equivalent, if only for the fact that he had no opportunity of contending for his school, or later on of reflecting glory upon it, was nevertheless a hero, had on leaving to shed his heroism. Unlike the cricketer, his school prestige counted for nothing at the universities or in after life, as there was no field for its display. Nor did the various schools take the faintest interest in one another's football, for they never met, while cricket in this respect was much as it is now, except that the circle was far more restricted. And

though the papers described the chief school matches, they did not discuss their prospects for a month beforehand to the undue swelling of juvenile heads. A pleasantry still lingered in my time at Cambridge that wherever two or three Rugbeians were gathered together they would be found discussing the date on which 'Jones got his cap,' a topic which, to outsiders, seemed of absurd unimportance and cryptic meaning. But it is wonderful how keen the boys of those days were, though football was not compulsory, and its rivalries and honours were reserved wholly for domestic consumption.¹

The exponents of the non-handling, dribbling game with the round ball, whether of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, or Charterhouse variety, jeered no little at 'Rugby,' though they rarely saw it, as not *football*, while the followers of the latter with equal heartiness, if less logic, returned the compliment. As 'Rugby' was played till the later 'sixties at any rate, the point of view of its rivals is in truth much more explicable than the prejudice of its supporters.

I am not concerned here with the other game, but the skill of its dribblers was wonderful, before 'passing,' developed under the Association code and combination at the cost of individualism, became the order of the day. I had frequent opportunities of watching it as a boy and sometimes of playing it in the company of its votaries with, I admit, great enjoyment and appreciation, and none of the prejudices of my 'Rugby' compeers. It was much faster and more exhausting than the 'Rugby' of those days, held up as was the latter by its long stationary scrummages. In my humble opinion it was a much more interesting game than 'Association'; in fact I believe two or three leading schools still hold out against the latter, and the expert dribbler no doubt still runs his irresponsible and rejoicing course. But if 'Rugby' was the least popular code in the 'sixties, the tables have been effectively turned, for as regards the class which, broadly speaking, feeds the public schools and universities, there is no doubt which game now draws the most select audience, while Wales and Scotland are its enthusiastic votaries. Most of the later Victorian schools adopted it from the start. The big London and suburban semi-day schools, which had no great numbers and no athletic existence at all in the 'sixties, are now in the forefront of the Rugby game. Most of the expanded and glorified grammar schools too have done the same,

¹ The late Albert Pell, Old Rugbeian and M.P. for South Leicestershire, while at Trinity, Cambridge, in 1838-40, collected with difficulty a dozen to twenty old Rugbeians and others and played football on Parker's Piece, "objects of wonder and contempt." It was held as undignified for University men.

whatever their type of game may have been in the days of their obscurity, while the Scotch schools took it up quite early. I must not forget, however, that both at Oxford and Cambridge, at the close of the 'sixties, a 'pick-up' Rugby game was played on certain days, though almost wholly at the former and largely at the latter, supported by Rugby and Marlborough men. But such desultory football had no serious place in University life. Even later on, in the first inter-University match, nineteen of the Oxford XX and twelve of the Cambridge team came from these two schools, with Rugby preponderating. A beginning to adult football, however, was really made in the later 'sixties, when three or four London 'Rugby' clubs, such as Blackheath, Richmond, Ravenscourt Park and the Marlborough Nomads, were founded. Incidentally, too, they provided an occasional foreign match for the schools, twenty a side being the usual number engaged, for the game was now getting a little more elaborate, and 'hacking-over' was being abandoned, if memory serves me, even by the Rugbeians, though it was not till 1872, when a notable Old Rugbeian was seriously injured, that it was finally abandoned.

But with all this I have not, of course, forgotten the desultory go-as-you-please games played immemorially on festival days in rural High-streets or between parish and parish. The game in that sense is as old as the hills in all parts of England, Wales, and Southern Scotland, though these Homeric Armageddons had largely, I think, died out. In that invaluable social survey, *The Statistical Account of Scotland, circa 1832*, many of the Lowland ministers deplore the disappearance of football from their parishes. These games, parish against parish, were often played across country, the respective kirkyards being the objective points, sometimes actually the pulpit, occasionally the 'hopper' of the village mill. It was the same in South Wales, though with the rise of Nonconformity the ministers, in North Wales certainly, opposed every sort of athletic club till the recent flare for Rugby football seized the Principality and overwhelmed the preacher and his foolish bigotry. In South-West Wales the Tudor and Jacobean period had its *Knappan*, a game in which counties or divisions of counties contended on certain fast-days and holidays. Owen of Henllys, in his inimitable work on the Pembrokeshire of his own day, describes it fully and humorously as himself an old player 'the smarts of which plaie he still carried on his person.' But the *knappan* itself was a greased wooden ball carried and flung. Two thousand persons, Owen tells us, were sometimes engaged, stripped to the waist, while all

who had horses rode and carried hazel sticks of specified circumference with which they beat the footman running with the ball on the head till he dropped it, the infantry using their fists with similar freedom. A gigantic scrummage is described by Owen as a thousand men packed together like a swarm of bees, their naked arms going like flails on one another's heads. He tells, too, how a Spanish gentleman sailing along the coast, and seeing a match at *knappan* in progress near the shore, observed to the captain that he had no idea that civil war was being waged in Wales. And when the skipper informed him it was only a game, 'the Spaniard made answer that if this was the way these people played he should be loath to warre against them.' In the same seventeenth century English noblemen and other magnates got up football teams against one another, with large wagers on the result, as later on at cricket, several such matches being mentioned in private journals. But of the code they followed, whether they carried or only kicked the ball, we know nothing. With big money on, however, they had no doubt some definite regulations.

But to return to modern times, I can go back as a spectator beyond even the 'sixties, and to the days when, as a child, I used to watch the games on Old Big-side at Rugby, and with such thrilling interest that the scene comes back to me as if it were but yesterday. The very smell of a football seems to wipe out the years of more active concern with it, and recall those remote and grey November days on Rugby Close. The brown and saffron foliage of the now mostly vanished elms towering high above the hurly-burly of white flannels (or ducks I think they were), of striped jerseys and gorgeous velvet caps, red, blue or green with their silver lacing and tassels; the dull thud of the ball as it rose at times high against the lofty trees, from what seemed to childish eyes some phenomenal drop-kick; the steam hovering over the packed, writhing scrummages; the long rows of black-coated, top-hatted fags 'standing in goal' according to some obsolete custom with special obligations which have escaped my memory. It is worth recalling, too, that my usual companion on those unforgettable occasions, then still, as we count things now, a young man, had himself mingled in the fray on this classic turf with Tom Hughes and all the 'Tom Brown' group, when the rival attractions of 'Hare and Hounds,' at which he was a leader, were not in the afternoon's programme. Football had no doubt been greatly elaborated since the days of 'Tom' and 'East' and 'Arthur,' even to carrying the ball, intro-

duced, says tradition, without even a by-your-leave by an audacious person named Ellis. For my relative, here alluded to, was wont to relate how, after morning school on half-holidays, Tom Hughes and his supporters would stand at one side of the outer doorway as the boys streamed away to their respective houses shouting 'Football,' while he himself and Hodson (of Hodson's Horse) stood at the other holloaing 'Hare and Hounds' in rival chorus, each beating up their forces for the afternoon's entertainment.

In passing on to the 'sixties and an actual part in the game I must shift the scene to Marlborough, where a group of Rugbeian masters in 1852 had introduced the Rugby game. Save, however, for the break in tradition, this transfer from Rugby Close to the Wiltshire downs is of small consequence for present purposes, since in all essentials conditions were similar. For by the early 'sixties there were about the same number of boys as at Rugby (just under 500) with ample playing fields and organised football, classified games, colours, house matches, and all the rest of it. Compulsory football or even moral pressure, save on special occasions, was, I think, unknown anywhere, and it is a fair indication of the natural athletic instincts of the British boy even then that quite 300, probably more, played pretty regularly in one of the four or five school games. And this too in a locality that had and has extraordinary attractions for rural adventure. Indeed, I rather pity the modern boy with no aptitude for games who has to play futile cricket and half-hearted football with Savernake Forest in sight of him on one side and the illimitable Downs on the other. Disparity in numbers was held of little consequence anywhere in the old Rugby game. In house matches the whole house, less the cripples or invalids, took part under moral compulsion. If forty lined up on one side and but thirty on the other, so much the worse for 'the other,' who sometimes made up for their numerical inferiority on the shins of their opponents. For it was in these contests that the battle raged fiercest, though the 'tail' of over-weighted small boys or ineffectives inevitable to such occasions considerably modified any paper disparity. In those free and easy days, too, a house master could play himself if he wished to, an indulgence of which Old Rugbeians took joyous advantage. It showed some nerve on their part, as the opportunity to pay off an unsuspected grudge against a form master in a loose scrum was too good for the normal British boy at any rate to let slip. One of these, a distinguished Oxford dignitary not long deceased, comes

vividly back to me as a most furious heavy-weight combatant on such occasions, and though he at least had few enemies, he made a good many momentary ones by the ferocity with which he hacked indiscriminately through the loose scrummages. By the mid-'sixties the first idea of curtailing the number of players in house matches dawned on our minds, and the sides were reduced to twenty-five, to the relief no doubt of sundry weaklings and small boys who were buffeted about in the hurly-burly like straws in a wind, and sometimes in light-hearted moments thrown bodily on to the top of the close-packed scrum. Many things were possible under the old order of things! A great-coated, muffled-up invalid, on one notable occasion, let out for an hour from the sick-room to watch his house play, seeing an irresistible opportunity, dashed in and kicked a timely goal in his slippers, for which his grateful house master overlooked the breach of the sick-room rules, and no doubt pacified the irate doctor. But the school games played, I think, on half holidays, as opposed to the house matches on modified school days, had none of the irregularities of size, age, and skill inevitable to these others as then played, though numerical inequality of sides was disregarded. They were roughly graded, and subject to promotions by merit, the smallest being the Upper Game, equivalent to Big-side at Rugby, averaging perhaps fifty players who had achieved the honour and their 'caps.' The other games (three, and later on, four) had much greater numerical potentialities, and on special occasions were abnormally crowded, though nobody ever seemed much to mind that. Lots of boys ran about vigorously and contentedly without ever getting a chance to touch the ball, but at least shoved hard in the scrummages, and no doubt enjoyed themselves or they would not have been there.

The mark of the old Rugby game, as indeed of all the codes, was individualism. The ball was supposed to be just off the ground when picked up, but definition as to this was necessarily vague, criticism lax, and there were no umpires. Disputes were briefly settled by the captains. But the player who secured the ball ran with it till he was collared and flung to earth. 'Passing' was in the far future, and the idea of it would have scandalised that generation. If the ball in his grip touched the ground, it was of course 'down' as now, and it was his privilege to wait with his hand on it till his side had collected round him, when the loose scrum began. But if, on falling, he saved the ball from contact with the ground, it was quite a profitless point of honour, till ruled out about the 'mid-sixties, to hug it fiercely to his bosom as he lay

prone at the bottom of a struggling mêlée all intent on forcing the half-strangled wight to surrender to the inevitable. This curious survival helped to prolong the rather tedious scrummages which were an undoubted blemish on the old Rugby game. Indeed there was in any case an immense amount of wasted energy expended in them. How well one can recall the slow unravelling of a real old-fashioned scrum in a big match, when the shoving, thrusting outer ranks, still on their feet, opened gradually and disclosed a heap of writhing, smoking humanity—boots, legs, arms, heads, anywhere. Faintly from its seething depths came up the gurglings of the half-stifed, the muffled husky protests of the underlings to those on top of them that the ball was at last 'down.' The upper layers were then hauled off, or struggled to their feet, till the actual groundlings, the heroes of the particular moment, exposed a fine show of torn jerseys, muddy flannels, and wild disarray. Then began the loose scrummage with its indiscriminate hacking, though always an interesting moment for those actually on the ball. But the latter had to be driven fairly through the opposing ranks: it was not the thing to wriggle it out at the side. Only a few, however, could be on the ball, and what could the rest do but hack one another?

Assuredly it was not a scientific game, though a fine test of courage and endurance. Too often when the ball emerged it was seized again, its captor promptly thrown, and the whole business repeated. But despite the numbers engaged there was much fine running with the ball. The runner had no obligations to worry him but that of breaking through, or careering round the opposing host. Even then some accomplished players would get clean through or round from goal to goal. I can recall one particularly, then and afterwards a distinguished and fleet-footed 'back,' who possessed the art of gripping the oval ball at one end with his fingers. Thus holding it high above his head in his right hand as he sped on his meteor course, he would use it as a boxing-glove on the face of his assailants on that side, while his other arm, going like a windmill, sufficiently protected his left flank. Half-backs came in about the middle of the 'sixties. Till then there were just the two (or three) full-backs, whose responsibilities were proportionately greater. As usually one of them myself and for a brief time, under the old conditions, I can speak feelingly of palpitating moments when some fast-running heavy-weight burst suddenly out of the crowded fray and raced goalwards across the open. But full-back was undoubtedly the most interesting place in the

old game. Long-dropping with either foot and general agility were the qualifications, but effective tackling could not always be combined. The normal procedure of the 'back' was to get in his kick at the critical moment of being charged. He might of course take liberties and dodge the first assailant or two if he felt sure of himself and cared to risk the obloquy of failure. Punting was never dreamed of except in a rare emergency. It was utterly despised. Dropping was a traditional part and parcel of the Rugby game. As a mere art it was sedulously practised at 'Punt-about' by considerable numbers with several balls after morning school, where the public eye, so to speak, stimulated each individual endeavour. It was almost a game to itself, though it generally developed the back-players, albeit such coveted openings were of course few. Place-kicking too had great fascinations with the oval ball, even for the many who would never be asked to convert a touch-down. Long-dropping was indeed greatly admired, which accounted for there being occasionally a little too much of it between the 'backs,' till some impatient forwards would raise, perhaps, a deprecating cry of 'Punt-about.' It was against tradition, too, either to kick or run with the ball out of (side) touch. If perpetrated without good excuse the action provoked a murmur of impatience as an interruption to the game. It was not recognised as tactics. A modern 'Rugby' player asked quite recently in a newspaper what there was in the drop-kick superior to the punt. One might have answered for one thing that the round, not the oval, ball is adapted to punting, as it was to high-class dribbling, in whatever merit that ungraceful kick may claim. But though dropping is now at a discount, and punting general, it was pleasant to see another modern player jump on his ingenuous contemporary and reply rather happily that the difference was like the satisfaction of hitting a well-timed half-volley as opposed to slogging at a full pitch. This is excellent, though I don't think even that expresses all that the drop-kick meant to the 'Rugby' player in the old days. There were of course neither umpires nor referees: I do not remember that any were needed! The effect of an occasional lapse, such as 'offside,' particularly when only goals counted, was not serious, and with a shout of protest the game went merrily on its way. Accidentally overstepping the side-line in running round was generally spotted and the player called back to throw the ball in as out of touch. In the desperate scrummages on the goal-line for a touch-down, only an umpire lying on his back at the bottom would have been any assistance! As a matter of fact there were

hardly ever disputes. The spirit of fair-play natural to English youth, with their quick eyes, seemed to settle all doubtful points with rapidity and reasonable precision. Moreover, boys were never called upon to play against strangers till the London clubs in the 'seventies began to meet them, while very little fuss and no printer's ink, except in the school magazines, was expended on the game. Here, however, the bards rose to the Homeric glories of football. Macaulay's Lays and the martial classic poets were laid under liberal tribute in paraphrasing the heated struggles of the playing fields. If memory serves me, three goals decided a match, unconverted touch-downs not as yet counting, and three afternoons were, I think, the limit accorded to matches of all kinds if not finished before. There were a great many accidents, as might be expected with such numbers playing, such prolonged scrummages and indiscriminate hacking. They were taken as a matter of course—arms, legs, collar-bones, knees, ankles were constantly broken, dislocated or fractured, while I can recall one tragic case of a boy well known to me whose back was broken at the bottom of a scrumage: I wonder there were not more. Yet I have lived to see an injured ankle at a house match in a famous school chronicled in the *Daily Mail* among the day's events, *qua* accident, not for personal reasons, as there were none!

Though all I have written here would apply in most essentials to the game at Rugby itself, I welcome the offer of some notes of an old Rugbeian friend who played there with distinction from 1866-70, and was afterwards captain of Ravenscourt Park Club for two years till '74, and in the thick of the early days of the Rugby game in London. In regard to his school memories, there was only Big-side (the caps) and Little-side (below caps) as regards school games. The houses, being at Rugby rather unequal in numbers, were already playing XX a side. As with us, Sixth *v.* School was the most important home match on Big-side. Any Old Rugbeians who chose could take part in it, and all 'caps' played regardless of inequality in numbers, which was somewhat modified by the sixth 'below caps' being of necessity allowed to play. 'The only out-match, if it could be so called, was against the Old Rugbeians, and this annual fixture produced a real old-fashioned crowd. Here again all "caps" played without regard to inequality of numbers or the possibly formidable total engaged, which must often have reached a hundred or so, sometimes, I think, more.' In 1869-70 the school was allowed to play Richmond, provided they brought down a team composed exclusively of Old Rugbeians,

which that club alone could then do. Any club was eligible that could satisfy these conditions, which by 1872 admitted Ravenscourt Park to an annual match. Twenty a side was the custom in these fixtures, though the London clubs had already reduced their normal teams to fifteen. The timidity of the school authorities at admitting strangers is not altogether surprising when the roughness of the game is considered. Rugbeians might perhaps be trusted to hack one another with impunity, but in matches with strangers who knows what might have happened! These family restrictions, however, were lifted after 1874. Richmond and Blackheath played at Marlborough, and possibly elsewhere, without them and without fatal results! But I think the mother school of the game retained the traditions of indiscriminate hacking longer than any of her disciples.

'Hacking-over,'¹ writes my Rugby friend, 'was going strong in 1867, but gradually fell into disfavour, and was only retained as a sort of luxury or pleasant indulgence in matches where nothing particular was at stake, such as Big-side games and the O.R. match. Hacking in the scrum lasted much longer, but was supposed to be only on the ball, except in ordinary Big-side games, when the presence of any ball at all in the scrum was not a matter of consideration to opponents with old scores to settle and the blood warm. Boots of a special kind were procured for this pastime, with a thick sole, the profile of which at the toe much resembled the ram of an ironclad. The scrum in the O.R. match soon warmed up into a veritable orgy of hacking, which, however, had the beneficial effect of keeping it a little loose and prevented such serious accidents as might easily happen when such large numbers were engaged. That they did not happen more often seemed nothing less than a miracle.'

After all this it will be readily understood why inter-School matches were never dreamed of. As a matter of fact an experiment was actually made in 1866-7, not to be repeated at any Rugby school for nearly a generation, when the amenities of the game had vastly altered. For in that year the authorities rather rashly sanctioned a match between Clifton, not yet really strong enough, and Marlborough. Hacking-over was barred for the occasion, but the weaker side being only human, and human boys at that, lost their temper under the constant pressure of their stronger opponents, and lapsed into their normal custom and then, of course, the fat was in the fire. The more responsible fraction of the

¹ The alternative (below the knee) to 'tackling' or 'collaring.'

spectators gave a gasp of relief when 'no side' was called and the sanguinary encounter was over. The time was obviously not nearly ripe for such engagements. I do not know why the schools of the other persuasion never met, as there was comparatively little to be feared under their not greatly varying codes. But I fancy it was long after this that Westminster and Charterhouse, both keen football schools, near neighbours, and with much the same rules, played their first game.

I am not concerned with the 'seventies. The dark ages of 'Rugby' were then over, and ample statistics at any rate have been published concerning them. It may be noted, however, that Woolwich, Sandhurst, and Cooper's Hill, particularly the latter, proved worthy opponents to the London clubs, while the Scotch schools, such as Fettes and Loretto, came before the end of the decade strongly to the fore in University 'Rugby.' In a list compiled by the *Field* just before the war, they actually stand third and fourth after Rugby and Marlborough as contributors to the inter-University match in a long list of ninety schools, which have at various times adopted the more popular game. In such a swarm, however, the old preponderance of the half-dozen or more schools who gave or supported the first impetus to the game, and for some time dominated it, has naturally passed away. In cricket a group of schools of old-established reputation in that noble game, whether of ancient or modern foundation, still stand out in University and first-class cricket. But Rugby football is now much more democratic, and its honours far more widely distributed, though all its nurseries play cricket too!

Footballers are not perhaps possessed of the same sentiment and respect for the past which belongs to cricket. One might sometimes almost fancy, in glancing at their literature, that 'Rugby' was initiated at Merchant-Taylors or the big suburban day schools. Harry Vassall, who in the 'eighties inaugurated combination at Marlborough, and perfected it afterwards in his immortal Oxford team, figures as the earliest hero of even the longest memoried and more cultured group. But neither Rugby School nor Rugby Close seems to have the faintest association for the 'Rugby' player or journalist of to-day, though the very name they write and play under is a daily witness to their obligation. One might wonder if, perchance, any of them ever break a journey for an hour or two at Rugby to pay their respects to that classic turf, or has a sense of the past no part in the make-up of the modern player?

GALLACHOILLE'S BRIDE.

BY GEORGE BLAKE.

I

THE galleys were in the Red Port, with Gallachaille's white barge swinging jaunty on the tide. A brave sight it was, from the blue shirts of the oarsmen to the red rocks that shone like living flesh through the clear waters of the Hebrid seas. And the song they sang as they leaned on their oars, awaiting their lord's coming! *Gair na mara* it was, with the sway of it like the surge on Ardnamurchan. The old ploy—some matter with one of Clanranald up by in Uist who had spoken lightly of a woman before the world. A small matter, indeed; but the men of the isles were ever the ones for play with the dirk and a chance of plunder in the by-going. Brave times, and a world of years ago! But yet the fancy hears the sea-song rising from the Port, with its *Iuraibh o hi, Iuraibh o ho!* telling their impatience to be gone.

But Gallachaille was sweir to leave his castle that fine day. There was a young wife there, you must know, and not one for a hasty kiss and Ho! for the sea-road. Their first parting it was, too, and is there wonder that Gallachaille should linger over the *deoch-an-dorus*? She clung to the neck of him, and reproached him with this adventure.

'Is it a time to be leaving me, and I the bride of a se'ennight?' asked she with the salt tears on her cheek.

'Softly, then, softly!' he comforted her. 'There is no staying this day, white love, but a weighty matter to be settled with the Clanranald brock.'

'Clanranald! Clanranald!' she echoed. 'What affair is Clanranald of yours?'

'A weighty one, I tell you,' said he. 'He will swallow the words—'

'Words! All words! What are words when there is a wife in the castle?'

'They concerned a woman's honour,' he told her softly.

'A woman! Was I not the foolish one, *ochanie!* to think myself the only one for you?'

'If it had been you——' said Gallachaille darkly, his fingers round the haft of the knife. 'If it had been you——'

'Well, well!' she said at last. 'And if it must be.'

And Gallachaille was free to join his stout fellows in the boats. Then was there not the lusty pulling at sheets when he set foot on the plank! Up sail it was, and off for the dangerous play among the islands.

'Haste ye! Haste ye!' cursed Col the steersman from his seat at the stern, and with a will they bent to the sweeps. Out past Craro they rowed, the hearty ones, and there the sails were set. Full of the breeze they sped the galleys northwards, with Gallachaille silent in the cushioned seat of his barge, his heart full of the choice one left behind.

The wind was setting finely up the Sound, and soon they were clear of the inshore rocks and breasting the tide that flows past Jura. Paruig, the piper, was in the bow of the barge—the same that had his art from the Macruimens and some of their moon madness. Lustily he blew, and War, War, War—the glamour of it!—was surely in his piping. Gallachaille heard the vaunting of them, and Col, who was sad for this sorrowful mood of his chief, and him on the road for battle, could have shouted his joy when the white fingers took to drumming in time with Paruig's air.

'The blood stirs!' he said within himself. And still and on pealed the reeds with their bloody talk of swift strokes with the white blade. Gallachaille was restless now, and his eyes lifted to the waves about and the open sky.

'A fine day for the travelling,' said he to Col.

'Fine! Fine!' said the steersman. 'And a fair wind to yon place in the North.'

'True, Col,' said Gallachaille. 'Is every man here?'

'Each man is well armed and ready,' answered Col, but with the air of one who hides an ill word.

'Aye! But how many men are with me?'

Never a word said Col. Gallachaille looked at him sharply, and cast an eye at the galleys in the wake.

'Who is't, man?' asked he swiftly. 'Is one missing?'

'Yes, indeed,' said Col darkly.

'A coward in my tail!' roared his master. 'The name of the dog?'

'He is of your own kin,' said Col unwillingly.

'God's love! My own blood! And the clan on the road for war! Calum, is it? Speak, man!'

'The same,' answered Col shortly, and looked away to the

Small Isles. Black, black was the anger that came on Gallachaille that day.

'The dog! The blind fool! To be shaming me this day of all days!' he shouted, till those in the galleys thought that murder was afoot.

'It is an ill thing, so it is,' said Col.

'Ill, man! Ill!' roared Gallachaille. 'Yon one is the first of the blood that ever let pass the chance of play with the knife. Never again, I tell you! And if there is no returning for me, Col, ye ken our clan's way with cowards as well as I. See to it that you strike surely.'

II

Sad is the telling of this tale. Think you of Gallachaille and his hearty men on the great sea, and then of a coward and a light woman at their gallivanting within the safe walls of the keep. The like was never heard before in all the isles!

It is not in the memory of the living how the castle of Gallachaille stood in the days of our story. The rock of the Old Man is bald and gaunt and lonely to-day, but it was there the castle was, high on its narrow top, the back of it to the wind and the face of it to the sun, as they say. As stout a keep as there was in the land, it is said of it, whether for the watching of the sea-ways or for siege. It looked in the eye of the four winds, northwards to Jura, westwards to the deserts of Atlantic, over to Kintyre, and far to Erin itself. From the Lady's Window you might drop a stone into the Red Port, so steep the rock on that seaward side.

From that same Lady's Window, on the day of his sailing, Gallachaille's young wife watched the setting out of her lord. Sorrow was heavy on her, for was this not their first parting, and she the wife of a se'ennight? But the sons of Neil halted for wife nor bairn when battle was in the air. The galleys swung out of the Port, the sails filled with the wind, and off went her man for the North. She heard the music of Paruig, and it is spoken of him that he had the warbling of the mavis in his fingers. But no joy did his piping bring to Gallachaille's lady. She was of Moidart and among strangers on the island. There was only one to whom she could speak with open heart, and he, as you shall hear, was in truth her unfriend. A sob was choking in her throat when she

turned to her spinning from the window, with its sight of the blue, blue Sound and on it the galleys of war.

Bite nor sup would she take that day, and the women in her service prattled of it in the near-by chamber.

'She takes it ill,' said that Morag who was plighted to Col, the steersman, and him away with his master.

'She does that; she does that,' agreed old Seana, who had never known a husband's kiss, but was namely for world-wisdom.

'But she has youth.'

'And is it not the same that feels the stab of parting sorest?' asked Morag, the simple one.

'Just so! Just so!' said Seana. 'And heals quickest.'

'Yon one will not mend till himself is safe back in the castle.' She had a gentle mind, had Morag.

Faith! But indeed it seemed as if their mistress would die of her sorrow. The sea darkened and the stars came out over Jura, but never a sound from her but mourning. Her wheel was idle, the fire in her chamber dead, and her kerchief wet with the tears of her. It was as if Death himself was on the house that night. And then, to break the spell, there came a knock on the door below. The lady did not hear it, but Morag and Seana caught it in the silence. Of these two, it was the old one who dared to answer.

Young was he who knocked—young, and every hearty man away with Gallachaille on the red roads of war! Seana held the lantern close to the face of him.

'Calum!' she cried.

'The same,' said he shortly. 'Is my cousin-german, your mistress, in her room?'

'She is,' answered Seana, 'and like to rest there this many a day.'

'I would speak to her,' the man commanded. 'Tell her that her kinsman by marriage, Calum, would pass a word with her.'

'There will be no speaking with yon one this night. Sorrow would choke the voice in her.'

'Go, I tell you!' said Calum again, and sharply. But hard old Seana was not to be moved.

'Least of all would she wish to speak with him who should be off yonder with Gallachaille and is not,' she said stoutly.

The man looked at her blackly, and there was a sour threat on the face of him.

'Stand aside!' he cursed, and thrust the *cailleach* from him. Gasping she followed him, but the door of my lady's room slammed in her face, and she an ell behind.

And who will say what passed between the lady and the coward that night? It is said of him that his was a glib tongue, and there is the word of Morag for it that a wanton laugh was on the lips of the lady ere they parted. The day after, Calum was back again; and out in the night the two walked together. Bolder and bolder grew they in companionship, till in the honest light of day they would walk from the castle to the moors, aye, even by the sheiling doors, and hand in hand at that. Yon was the dastardly business! Yet what was there to say, what was there to do? The old wives might mutter round the fires; the thin hands of the old men might grip the shafts of their hoes; but there was none there strong enough or hearty to drive a knife home where it was wanted. They must wait for Gallachaille's returning.

III

But Gallachaille, as you have heard, was far into the North. At the parting of night and day—the second since their sailing—they neared the island of the Clanranald, him of the loose tongue. The same had no warning of our hero's coming, but a watcher on the hill had seen the dipping of the white galley in the seas. In a flash of the eye the pipes were at it, calling the rally, and the clans met on the water edge.

Straight for the Northmen made the sons of Neil, with Gallachaille in the centre, and Col and Paruig, the piper, at his two shoulders. It is written in history that here was valiant fighting. The moment of the broadswords was past with the first encounter, and then it was the time for close play with dirk and the black knife, and God help him whose reach was short! Still and on pressed Gallachaille and his fellows, though the Clanranald folk were dour at the yielding, on, on to the very gate of the castle, with the feet on them dancing on the drawbridge. It looked like victory for them till the terrible thing happened. In the press at the gate, the two arms of Gallachaille were pinned on him, and his weapons useless for want of room to use them. A Clanranald man was not slow to see his chance.

'Death!' hissed the *sgian*, and fleshed itself in the groin of the chieftain, and the Neils were wanting a leader. Col saw the stroke and a black anger came on him.

'Son of a liar!' he roared, and cut down him that had lost him his lord. 'Gather round! Gather, sons of Neil!'

They made a ring round Gallachaille, and Col dropped back to get the last sound from his lips.

'It is the death this time, Col,' said Gallachaille, and that quietly.

'My sorrow! My sorrow!' was all the steersman could find to say.

'You will go back,' went on his master. 'There is no fortune in your blows to-day.'

'We will not go without you,' said Col stoutly.

'Go! I bid you,' says Gallachaille. 'Go! But, Col'—and here he raised the black knife that was still in the grip of his fingers—'Take this. There was a traitor in the clan. Ye ken the way with such; for the traitor this knife. Strike surely. Strike.'

And these were the last words that passed over the lips of Gallachaille. He made to speak again, but Death was at his throat. With a curse, Col slipped the blade beneath his garter. Then he took the body on the broad shoulders of him, and carried it to the white galley, with his men fighting a retreat like polecats. They left a score of stout fellows on the stained heather, but safely got they to sea with the corpse of their chieftain, and the soul of him away to Tir-nan-Og, the land of the ever young.

O, but that was the pitiful return from the war . . . ! Gallachaille lay white and dead under the plaid in his barge; Col, with a world of sadness in his heart, sat straight at the helm, speaking never a word, but gazing always to where sky meets sea. Six chosen men were there at the rowing, and Paruig, the piper, in the nose of the vessel. It was no battle-stave he put on the reeds then, but the lament that tells the children of Neil that their lord is off on the journey which has no ending. Sorrow in the hearts of them and the sea-sorrow upon that! So came home the stout fellows that went out from the Red Port with a song at their lips.

On the bald head of Creag Bhan the maidens watched for the boats' returning. The lady was there, too, with the coward in her train, but when the galleys swung round the buttock of Jura, went they off hastily to the castle. Morag, her heart bursting for

word of Col, waited on with Seana. From shadows, the forms of the boats grew crisp in the sunshine on that fine sea; and above the roar of ocean came the keening of Paruig's reeds.

'The pipes!' called Morag in an ecstasy. 'They come . . .'
But Seana answered not a word, and only listened for what they played.

'Yes, yes! Morag! The pipes,' said she at last; 'but it is not a *pioberachd* of triumph that Paruig has put on them this day.'

'*Ochanie!*' wailed poor Morag. 'If it is Col——'

'It is not,' said the old one. 'You can see him there at the rudder. But before him there lies something under a plaid.'

'There is only one that comes home in such fashion from the wars.'

'Just so, girl,' said Seana grimly.

'Gallachaille . . . ?'

'Yes, my sorrow! But Gallachaille is dead.'

The women ran from the hill crying the tidings into sheiling and fank, and they had not reached the castle gate before the women were gathering by the shore, the coronach on their lips. Seana went quickly to my lady's chamber, and her laughing there with Calum.

'Do you hear yon?' she asked shortly.

'Do I hear——?'

'Aye! The coronach! It is sung for him you betrayed.'

'The coronach!' cried the lady. 'Gallachaille?'

'He is dead. Blessing on him!'

She left the pair together, and it is told that she heard a laugh from the man.

'There will be black sorrow on the heel of this foolishness,' she muttered, and went down to receive the body of her lord. They laid him in that same sleep-chamber that was defiled, and Col went back with the serving women to the gate.

In less time than it takes in the telling now, Morag filled the ears of him with the black story of what had passed in the castle, and them at the wars. He listened, saying not a word himself, then drew the black knife from his hose—the same that he had from Gallachaille, and him dying. Then he made back to the chamber where lay his lord. The lady and Calum stood by the bier, the man with an ugly smile at his lips. Col stepped before him, and spoke. The knife was ready in his fingers.

'You see this knife?' said he, slowly as the Voice of Judgment.
'It is for the heart of a traitor.'

There was the look of killing in the eye of him. Calum drew back, white as the gull, but the lady—for there was heart in her—stood where she was. Col went on with his word.

'The strong one there—Blessing on him!—gave it to me for one who was not for the fighting with his clan.' And here he eyed the coward. 'But God's Grace, it is too good a death for the like of you. The rocks below will serve that affair.'

You see them—yon Calum trembling for the death that was to be his, but the woman with the haughty lips of her set tight? The hand of Col rose above her, and the knife bright between his fingers.

'This is our way with traitors,' he said, and struck deep.

The lady fell in a heap beside the bier of him she had betrayed.

'*Sìod e!*' said Col; and then to him who girmed like a sick bairn: 'You have one hour to live.'

In the cold fingers of Gallachaille he placed the knife that had avenged the honour of his race, then crossed himself as one who asks a blessing on a work well done.

LIVES O' MEN.

THERE is a favourite Scottish song in praise of 'Caller Herrin' which affirms that

'They're bonnie fish and halesome farin',

and that

'Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men,'

and never has the herring better deserved the commendation thus bestowed on it than during the late war. It came to our rescue during our food shortage and undoubtedly saved the lives of men. Its faithful shoals in some degree compensated for the losses inflicted on us by submarines, and curiously enough the presence of these shoals near our shores was indicated by the same sign that gave token of the happy despatch of a Hun U-boat, that is to say, by the appearance on the surface of the water of spots of oil given off by the fish.

In total food value, as measured by calories, or heat-generating power, the herring, fresh or salted, is in proportion to weight easily first amongst fishes. In protein content it holds an honoured place. And as regards fat it is surpassed only by the salmon, the mackerel, the sprat and the eel. 'An average herring,' says Dr. Robert Hutchison, 'contains about 15 grammes of edible protein (nearly half an ounce) and from 5 to 10 grammes of fat,' and it has been truly remarked by Dr. Smith that the despised bloater offers the largest amount of nutriment, for a given sum, of any kind of animal food. Three salt herrings contain about as much protein as need enter into the dietary of an ordinary working man. Whoever has seen those bands of Aberdeen lasses who come down to Yarmouth and Lowestoft with the herrings during the autumn months, must realise that the herring diet on which they largely subsist is capable of producing fine specimens of robust and blooming womanhood.

But it is the fat it contains that makes the herring especially valuable as a food and source of energy. From 75 to 100 grammes of fat daily are necessary to the maintenance of health and efficiency.

During the restricted supply of bacon and ham that came with the war, we were in this country in some peril from fat deficiency, and we should have been in greater peril still had our herring fishery failed us. In Germany, when the amount of fat available was reduced to about one-fourth of what is requisite, there was a widespread occurrence of dropsical disease, which was promptly relieved by the addition of a liberal ration of fat to the food of those afflicted by it. Here, too, we had our note of warning, for dropsy showed itself in some of our lunatic asylums which were severely rationed as regards fat, and at the same time our miners complained that while on short commons as regards butter and bacon, their efficiency as coal-producers was diminished.

The value of fat as a source of energy and a protein-saver has been long recognised, but it is only recently that the virtues of certain fats in promoting growth and in preventing disease have been brought to light. These fats contain a substance known as fat soluble vitamin A, which although present in very small quantities plays an important part in nutrition. The absence of this vitamin from the diet is followed by certain deficiency diseases—the chief of which is rickets. Various unhygienic conditions attached to slum life may conduce to rickets, but the lack of vitamin A is undoubtedly the chief factor in its production. Animals with a diet from which vitamin A is excluded become rickety, and children fed on food-stuffs in which it is deficient develop the same malady and are cured when the essential vitamin is supplied in abundance. There are also grounds for believing that a deficiency of vitamin A may be largely responsible for dental caries which is now so lamentably prevalent and is introductory to so much ill health.

Now the richest known source of fat soluble vitamin A is cod-liver oil, and cod-liver oil may be regarded as a specific in the treatment of rickets. But next to cod-liver oil as a bearer of vitamin A comes the oil of the herring, in which it is contained in high concentration. The cod and the herring both feed partly on diatoms and small crustaceans, from which it seems likely that the vitamin A is derived. A good plump herring furnishes a supply of oil that is equivalent to about a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil, and the regular consumption of the herring as food may therefore, like cod-liver oil, ward off rickets or cure it, and, while promoting growth, prove remedial in the various kinds of debility and malnutrition in which cod-liver oil has been found so eminently useful. In Lewis and other islands of the Hebrides the people live in what are called 'black

houses,' dark, dingy, dirty hovels without windows or chimneys, shared with domestic animals, models indeed of every sanitary disadvantage, and from these hovels the babies are seldom taken out of doors and exposed to sunlight until they can walk. And yet the infant death-rate in these islands is exceedingly low, being 40 per 1000 as compared with 100 in the large towns, while rickets and decayed teeth are practically unknown. It is to the food of the Hebrideans that their vigorous health and happy immunities must be ascribed. That food consists of fish—amongst which the herring bulks largely—oatmeal and eggs, the liver of the fish being a favourite delicacy when mixed with oatmeal and milk and cooked in cods' heads. The flesh of the white fish that are eaten contains no vitamin A, but that is supplied copiously by the herring, that is thus again busy saving the 'lives o' men.'

Well, of this vitamin A that has such valuable properties when enshrined in the fat of the herring there is a superabundance in the larder of the deep all round our coasts. We have hitherto drawn upon that larder sparingly, but it is to be hoped that we shall henceforth resort to it much more freely, and we may do so without any fear of exhausting its contents. Mr. Arthur Michael Samuel, who has written a very learned and interesting history of the herring, calculates that he ate 161 herrings in one form or another, but, being a Norwich man, principally as bloaters, in one year, and as that has been his average consumption for the last thirty years, he must in that time have disposed of 5000 herrings. But if every man, woman and child in these islands ate annually as many bloaters as Mr. Samuel, that would make no appreciable impression on the shoals of herrings that surround our coasts. A good-sized shoal measures perhaps seven or eight miles in length and three or four miles in breadth, and is not less than twenty feet deep. The herrings in the shoal, although not overcrowded, are in close formation, and roughly estimating that every cubic foot of water contains one fish, Professor D'Arcy Thompson concludes that there are 10,000,000,000 in an average shoal. But the shoals are multitudinous and approach our shores on all sides at different seasons. They are at Stornoway in January and February, at the Shetlands in May and June, all along the East Coast from Wick to Yarmouth from July to November, and find their way round to Folkestone and Hastings from November to January. Everywhere their arrival is hailed with rejoicing. In the Isle of Man, Sir Hall Caine tells us, it was the custom for the Bishop to hold a service on the shore

invoking a blessing on the herring fleet. 'Restore and continue to us,' he prayed, 'the harvest of the sea,' and then 'up they came, silver-white in the moonlight, a solid block of fish, a luminous patch floating across the line of the nets.'

But while pursuing regular seasonal migrations, herring shoals are influenced in their movements by local conditions. The herring is a very intelligent and sensitive fish, keen of sight and smell, and avoids polluted water. The objection of fishermen to the use of waste herrings as manure on land near the shore is founded on the observation that when the drainage from the decaying fish reaches the fishing ground in appreciable volume, the herrings are scared away and may not return for a considerable time. The Dutch long ago prohibited the gutting of herrings at sea lest the offal-contaminated area should be deserted by the survivors, and it is well known that when nets full of captured fish get adrift in a storm, so that the fish die and decay in them, the shoals will shun the water thus polluted for a number of years.

Attention has lately been drawn to a new menace to the herring and other pelagic fishes by the fouling of the waters round our coasts by the heavy oil now used as ship's fuel. Pools of this black oil have been observed at various points along the south coast, and there can be no doubt that these, if widely distributed, will not only be destructive to birds that come in contact with them, but highly injurious to our inshore fisheries. The oil scum interferes with the aeration of the water, and so prevents the multiplication of the minute diatoms, algae and crustaceans which form the principal food supply of many fishes. But the herring would not wait to be starved out. It would, with its acute sense of smell, promptly desert waters haunted by such noxious effluvia. But physical disturbance of the water is, as well as its defilement, resented by the herring. A series of violent thunderstorms has been known to frighten it away from a district. The herring fishing on the coast of Scania is now almost extinct, as the fish, owing to their dislike of the noise and turmoil caused by the traffic in the Sound, have migrated westward. It remains to be seen how the herrings in the North Sea have been influenced in their movements by the agitation due to fleets and especially to submarines and mines during the war.

The migrations of the herring and the causes determining them are deserving of the closest study, for they have played no insignificant part in European history. The Hanseatic League owed its

prosperity to the herrings which drew the Germans from the inland towns to the shores of the Baltic, and it was the exodus of the herring from the Baltic to the North Sea in the beginning of the fifteenth century that transferred that prosperity to the Low Countries. The foundations of Amsterdam, it has been said, were laid on herring bones. 'Out of the Dutch fishing-fleet,' says Mr. Samuel, 'grew the Dutch Mercantile Marine, and this came to be of such importance that in Cromwell's time the Dutch owned 16,000 out of the 20,000 merchant ships sailing the seas.' Out of the Dutch Mercantile Marine sprang Cromwell's Navigation Laws of 1651; out of Cromwell's Navigation Laws grew the British Mercantile Marine, the Nursery of the Navy; out of the repeal of the British Navigation Laws in 1849 sprang the German Mercantile Marine, from which grew the German navy and eventually the German submarine.

It is to be hoped that having turned again with more avidity to fish as a food we shall adhere to it and make it a larger part of our diet than we have hitherto done. In 1913 the herring catch for the United Kingdom amounted to over 609,000 tons valued at four and a half million pounds, but of this catch only 25 per cent. was consumed by the home markets; 75 per cent. being cured and sent to Russia and Germany. During the war the herring fisheries of Norway, Holland, Iceland and Newfoundland developed enormously, and owing to the profits made we may anticipate their still further expansion. The German market will be reopened; and could the Russian market which, before the war, was expanding rapidly be re-established, it would greedily absorb all the herrings we could send to it. Italy, Greece and our Colonies are again making calls on us for herrings, smoked, salted, and tinned, but it is the development of the home market that should in the first instance engage our attention. That should be part of our reconstruction policy; we should have a herring propaganda. Our people should be instructed in the food value of the plebeian herring; improved harbour accommodation should be provided for the herring fleets; and greatly increased facilities be given for the cheap and rapid distribution of the herring catches from the ports at which they are landed.

There is no fish better entitled to popularity than the herring. It appeals to the palate in many different forms; as fresh herring, salt herring, red herring, pickled herring, baconed herring, bloater and kipper, and in every form it is nutritive and wholesome, and offers itself to varied culinary treatment. Of recent years our

people have shown an increased ichthyophagous tendency. There has been a remarkable increase in the number of fried fish shops, especially in our manufacturing towns. Some classes of operatives have discovered for themselves that fried fish is especially adapted to their wants: weavers and others who have to live in a warm, damp atmosphere do not love meat; the appetite is poor and requires stimulating; small savoury dishes are more to their taste, and they patronise the fried fish shops largely. The class of fish heretofore supplied by these shops has been mostly cod, haddock, and hake, fried in dripping or cotton-seed oil. In future they should add to their menu the herring in all its preparations and pranked in suitable sauces. Mr. John Burns once expressed a pious wish that every working man could have a kipper as a relish to his tea. There is no reason why he should not have it, and a couple of bloaters to his breakfast, too, if our national herring fisheries and trade are properly fostered and protected.

Although we have by no means availed ourselves of it as we ought to have done, we have in this country been greatly beholden to herring as a food and we have been greatly beholden to it in other ways. It has helped to build up our Empire, for to it we owe no inconsiderable number of the seamen who have enabled us to rule the waves. The originals of our herring fishing folk probably came from the Frisian Coast, and settled in the small bays and harbours on our eastern seaboard some three hundred years ago. But mingling with the natives and increasing and multiplying they have produced a noble breed. Men reared in our herring fisheries have at all times recruited our Navy, and the trawler reserve proved a valuable auxiliary to our naval forces during the war. We have reason to be proud of them and grateful to them for what they have done and are doing to save the 'lives o' men.'

JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.

OPEN PATHS.

PICTURES OF WILD LIFE IN ENGLAND.

BY E. L. GRANT WATSON.

IV

October 28, Steep.—Sometime in autumn a woodland may seem very empty and deserted by birds and mammals. Insects there always are—innumerable lives which crawl or run on urgent business over dead leaves, which burrow through moss or cling to tree-stems, making their way perpendicularly, ascending or descending. But of larger life the woodland seems empty. There is stillness, only the sound of leaves occasionally falling.

In this autumn silence the trees seem to hold communion one with another; their static life is not contained within the tight bark: it fills the space between the branches. In the effulgence underneath the roof of green and yellow there are potent spirits. The vegetation, though silent, is not inarticulate. Here, under the branches and between the stems, is a texture, an invisible substance, some emanation of life which most certainly can make itself felt.

As a child, all unknowingly, I have loved the woods; unknowingly I shall still love them, for indeed I perceive but little. I see the sunlight falling upon the leaves and shining through. I see the insects and spiders in the debris of dead twigs. I see that each live branch has a manner and significance according to its species. I see that one tree is different from another, but I do not rightly know them. Once or twice I have thought that I have perceived more deeply, but remain uncertain. What at any moment do we behold? An image ever transient, liquid in mutability. Noumenon life is deep-seated, difficult of comprehension; yet does the fixed form carry, if we but dwell upon it, significance to the senses. I believe that the oak is very calm and serene, it is gentle, long-suffering, with masculine courage. The birch-tree is humble: she loves the moonlight, and with entire confidence bends the tips of her twigs towards the earth. Each plant has character: its poise is different from all others, and when the

wind blows and branches are shaken outwards or upwards there are gestures peculiar to each, and indicative. In winter I have looked at the beech-tree when leaves were off, and have been startled by its tempestuous, electric vitality. It is genius on the verge of madness; the currents of life stream from the wild ends of its branches toward the sky. Its daemon draws powerfully, deeply from the fount, dissipating. I have seen the stem rising sixty feet, calm and serene. The pure column lifts from earth to sky its grandeur; the spiral evolutions give to its nakedness an added strength.

Here among the beechwoods of the North Downs the water-laden wind moves gently among the upper branches; clouds of mist, white, ever-changing filaments, hang midway upon the tree-trunks. The stems are dark and glistening with moisture; they follow one another in dense assemblage, retreating into obscurity. The afternoon is now fading, and the leaves overhead shut out much of the light. It is marvellous to lie back and, gazing up, follow the line of growth, so straight, yet so delicately curved, that lead to where the branches break from the tree, like the shoulders of athletic girls with swelling muscles and taut, smooth skin. What elongated limbs are these—the long upper-arm merges into the long forearm, and the attenuated wrists lead out to innumerable branchings of twigs. High overhead the leaves lie in flat layers on the flat ends of the branches. The planes of verdure succeeding one another, with here and there interpenetrating avenues, glades which lead amongst that mass of green and scattered yellow, give the impression of some undersea picture. The enclosed air beneath this green canopy is vitreous like water, and appears to have a magnifying quality. All details are clear and distinct.

At such a time and place might it not be possible with but so little shifting of mental capacity to perceive more than what is usually apparent? Did the Greeks see dryads? Are the tales of fairies and tree-spirits which come to us from the past but false imaginings? The men who lived closer to the earth than we, less separated from its harmony by mechanical contrivance, was their vision younger and more acute? And even now the joy of that perception may yet be within the range of our grasping, for who shall say what wonder may not be revealed, what miracle accomplished at any turn of the head or quick glance of the eye? . . . Now in autumn-time, in the stillness between the branches,

I think the tree-spirits tell one another about the year's achievement, and whisper warnings of the coming winter.

October 30, Steep.—Often when I was a schoolboy I used to visit this pond. On Sunday afternoons, when I was free to go where I liked, I would come here, sometimes with a companion, but often alone. It was always a wonderful and fairy-like place. The little lake, fed by a clear stream fresh from the chalk, lies in a fold of the North Downs, and the swelling coombs of beech-trees, which rise on either side, are reflected, purple and yellow, in the shallow water. In the old days it was easy of access. A little wicket-gate, built, as I always imagined, for the pleasure and benefit of those who passed, led from the public footpath to a space of greensward close beside the sluice. It was here that I used to sit watching the trout, and wondering if by some means I might not contrive to catch one; but most often I was content to sit, in idle contemplation, absorbing unconsciously into myself the peace and healthfulness of the place. To-day there is this difference: the wicket-gate is gone and a high, eight-strand barbed-wire fence cuts off the pond from the footpath. The barbarian who holds the title-deeds, not appreciating that this is one of the most lovely places in the world, has thought fit to wall it off, in such manner, from his fellow-men. I notice that incidentally he has walled it off from himself, for there is no other way of approach, and I doubt whether he is practised as I am in negotiating eight strands of barbed wire.

But now that I am once more back at my old seat I can easily forget the gracelessness of my host. The reflections in the water are as deep in tone as they used to be; the life of Nature remains as eternally fresh, and to my eyes, which alone have grown older, the beauty of the woods and of the falling leaves is yet more profound and more significant. A maple-tree bends over the pond, and leaves are falling in twos and threes, quietly, almost imperceptibly, into the water. The wind sways them all in the same direction. They are like an argosy of tiny gold-sailed ships, some great fleet setting forth in search of adventure. Farther away, where the water narrows between banks of rushes and overhanging alder, there are dabchicks and moorhens, the remote descendants of those that I watched twenty years ago. But I miss the kingfishers, though I wait expecting to see at any moment the flash of their blue and carmine. Perhaps some 'naturalist' has shot them, and has them stuffed in a case; or perhaps, taking

warning, they have flown away, frightened at the look of the barbed wire.

The wind drops, and the leaves on the surface are still. The little boats cling together, and twist slowly in the eddies. Far down, deep below the surface, I see the hill-tops reflected, and the sky beyond. Where the woods hang close above the water there is a haze of purple, and near at hand the yellow leaves of an oak-tree, sharp in definition and outline.

With the memories of boyhood return also its freshness and enthusiasm. Such beauty as this is the very innermost significance, the truest wealth of England. It is the heritage of the sons and daughters of the land, and with such magic has England won our hearts to a passionate devotion. The spell is on us for all our lives, never to be loosened. Thus it is that the country people of England most deeply love their country. It is because of such places as this, because of the crescent-moon hanging over the wheatfields in twilight, or over the downs, because of the darkness of the woods at nightfall, because of the blue folds in the hills, because of the waste-ground peopled with rabbits, covered with thistles and thistle-down, because of the ploughed fields and the smell of the upturned earth, and the edge of the land, sharp and clear, against the sky, because of all these and a thousand other incidents of like nature that England is uniquely loved. The quality of England is different from any foreign land; the outline of woods and fields may seem similar, *but there is a difference*, and no true countryman would ever suppose them to be alike. When the children of England travel in distant lands, we think of her as we know her, as she has taught us, remembering always her gentleness and her power. We have learnt that the true spirit of England is to be found in her country places. This spirit has outlived the tyrannies of the past, and will outlive the vulgarity of the present. But, like her children, England is humble and submissive, suffering many indignities. Is it not amazing that the people of this district should allow some paltry individual thus to defile with barbed wire the source of their national inspiration, shutting them out from the beauty which is their inheritance, and plastering the sides of their public ways with his abominable entanglements? Doubtless the man who has done this is a country gentleman who lives in London. No farmer or true servant of the land would do such a thing. A little wire here and there, perhaps, to prevent cattle breaking through a hedge, but not

this palisade of eight strands as if for some prison encampment. Damn the fellow, anyway, for so shamelessly advertising the baser elements of his nature!

November 14, Tenterden.—Last night I was roused by the wind's restlessness. Currents of air were droning round the corners of the house, and from time to time the whole of the upper storey seemed to tremble. At the very moment of waking I sat up, vividly conscious of the tumult without. Through the window I could see the tree-tops sway against a dark sky. The branches were beating and clashing fiercely against one another, and I knew that the last remaining leaves were being swept high up into the dark air. With a rush of waking memories all my childhood seemed to sweep overwhelmingly upon me. I was forgetful of my present self, and of all the circumstances of the time between; the vague fears of childhood filled the house—fears of the wind and of the night. I was aware, too, in a childish manner of the comfort of the enclosed room and the friendly refuge of my bed. As I stared for assurance at the walls, they looked as they did long years ago when flickering shadows danced up and down. In a few seconds I was myself again, no longer so deliciously afraid of the wind and of the darkness. I assured myself that I must have been still half asleep; but yet how poignantly, passionately awake had that moment seemed! . . . And why not afraid of the wind and of the darkness? Why, in those intervening years, had I become so unimaginatively accustomed to the magic and wonder of being? Yet for some seconds longer my heart still fluttered in a storm of fancies.

December 5, Tenterden.—The charm of England is centuries deep. Whatever the state of our national health, however filled with the sense of death and dissolution modern England may be, the spirit of patriotism remains. It speaks from the earth itself, from the undulations of the land, from the soft, mist-like appearance of the leafless copses. The cycle of the seasons, because it has been accomplished numberless times, has become hallowed. Each phase passes into another, and in its repetition is an ever-recurring mystery. I know very well what manner of men my forebears have been. Their senses have apprehended all that is mine. They have loved this land which is my heritage. In my blood, in my brain, they live. I see what they saw; I stand on the same weald, knowing their hope and their love and what they ultimately, piously believed.

Winter, of all seasons, speaks most definitely to the race-consciousness which goes back into the past and would stretch forward into the future. I cannot explain why it should be, but the naked boughs, passive and denuded, are more significant than the luxuriance of leaves and flowers. These are the substance of continuity, enduring from one year to another. It is their shape and character, the store of potential power which is indicative. They give to winter an austere confidence, enduring throughout storm and cold.

The day has been one of mist and hoar-frost. This morning the twigs of the blackthorn hedges were covered with a white fur of crystals. To the glance of the eye travelling over them, they appeared of a milky azure; but seen separately, white and black contrasted in sharp outline. The grasses, too, brittle and crunching underfoot, stood each clothed in its delicate gauze of ice. I came on my walk to a little hollow in the rolling upland. A path led steeply down beside a cleared coppice. I passed a thick-set hedge, and found myself looking up at the soft undulation of naked arable. The contours rose delicately and gently up to the white sky of mist. The field was of wheat-stubble, yellow like amber. The folds and turns of the contours showed here and there a faintly darker tint. Upon one side was a hazel copse with oak trees. The multitude of twigs was lake and mauve, and at the tips faded palely into the pale sky. There was no sunlight, only a pearly whiteness, impenetrable and all-enfolding. The air was still as in winter, unenlivened by insects. Up a small tongue-shaped declivity a spur from the wood thrust out into the field, following the character of the ground. Some jays screamed among the oak trees, and I saw the blue and pink of their plumage among the blue and pink of the twigs. A magpie came flying over the yellow stubble through the pearly, semi-opaque sky. It moved mysteriously and swiftly, dipping and rising with the beat of the wings and gliding a little, balanced by the long, straight tail. It lilted in the air, passing over the wood and away. After an interval of utter stillness another magpie followed. It came from out of the whiteness of the mist, sweeping down towards the hollow, then rising with a startled cry.

As I waited, listening and watching, I knew very well that I stood upon ground that was essentially my own, and that I saw the same sights that my parents had seen, and my parents' parents. I walked farther toward the wood, and a covey of partridges in full

flight swept on arched wings over the field, and at the same moment a pheasant, with a scream of alarm, passed but a few feet overhead. The path twisted a little; it led through the copse, over a stile, over a plank bridge, and up a steep bank across a diminutive wilderness of uncultivated ground. A ruin of summer blossoms, knapweed, St. John's-wort, and thistles, with interthreading grasses, was yet standing; but now each spray and leaf flowered with frost crystals. It was a frozen beauty, static under the touch of winter, different from its summer grace. Each haulm of grass stood separate, rigid with cold.

And I was glad and comforted, knowing that this was England—England at its best. This would endure in spite of the death which eats at our social body, in spite of the process of decadence and the exaltation of hatred. It was apart from the poisonous hypocrisy of our time, which worships hate in the name of love, which longs for and glories in the processes of destruction, which turns in hatred against other peoples and then in hatred against itself. It is apart, far apart, from the jingo patriotism which does not love England, which indeed does not know England, but which finds an outlet for its rancour in the abuse of other countries. This vile jingoism and the base lies which the people all too readily devour, these will pass: they will destroy themselves, as indeed they are bound to do.

The land will endure, and the spirit of the land, eternal because ever-recurring, ever self-renewed with the seasons, holding within the amplitude of its beauty not only the lives of our forebears but the lives of our children's children.

December 20, Tenterden.—Among the leafless boughs of oaks and in the hedges along the roadside are to be seen large flocks of titmice. Great-tits and blue-tits are there in plenty, but these birds are common in all localities. There are long-tailed-tits here, also in large flocks and more commonly distributed than I have seen them elsewhere. In almost every copse some twenty or thirty are to be seen. They flit quickly from tree to tree, uttering their shrill chirp *zi zi zi*. They cling to twigs in any position; for the most part they hang, swinging with their backs to the earth and their eyes on a level with their feet. The black, thorn-like beaks are kept constantly probing for minute insects in the bark and under and amongst tufts of lichen. At each peck they must get little enough, and in this winter weather, when insects are scarce, it no doubt takes them a whole day of hard work to get sufficient food

to keep their little bodies alive. They are the most charming of small birds, with their curious, high-domed foreheads, their flat-looking faces, their black eyes, red eyelids, and extravagantly long tails. Their colouring, when seen at close quarters, is wonderfully soft, of mauve grey, white, pink, and black. The body is constantly in motion, the bright, bead-like eyes give but a moment's glance and are back at that exacting business of finding food.

In company with almost every flock of tits that I have seen this winter there have been golden-crested wrens, seldom more than one or two to each flock of tits, though on one occasion I saw as many as eight together. Sometimes I have not been able to see them, but have heard their unmistakable note. These birds are far commoner than I supposed; in almost every copse they are to be seen or heard, if one waits for a short time. Usually they will appear in company with tits, though often they will linger behind when the flock has gone by. They are extraordinarily tame, the tamest of all our wild birds, or, it is perhaps truer to say, the most indifferent to the presence of man. They do not approach man in the same self-interested and comprehending spirit as does a robin, in the hope that the spade will turn up a worm, but in the same way as they would approach a tree—as a natural object to be neither feared nor avoided. I have had them within two feet of my hand; they have glanced at me from time to time and passed on, recognising that I was harmless, but not interesting or likely to prove a good hunting-ground for small insects. The flame-like crest of gold on the males is very bright and definite. The feathers of this crest are comparable with the brilliant colours of humming-birds, and, like humming-birds, I have seen gold-crests hover with invisibly fast-beating wings opposite the underside of bramble leaves, on which, no doubt, lurked little groups of aphids. They are seen to their best advantage among a setting of bramble leaves, which at this season vary from dead green to bronze and purple and saffron. They flit delicately amongst the brilliant colours of their favourite hunting-ground, their own bright crest out-shining by far the tints of the leaves.

Often I have wondered where such small birds as these spent the cold nights of winter. A great many roost, I expect, among the close-set, protecting needles of fir-trees. On an evening not long ago I was surprised to find how many different species sheltered in hay-stacks. It was late twilight when I was passing a lonely

and isolated farmyard. Some hay-stacks stood beside a tiled outhouse, on the roof of which a great number of sparrows, chaffinches, greenfinches, and linnets were holding a vigorous conversation. I stood watching them for some time, and saw that every now and then some of their number would fly across and disappear into the side of one of the stacks. Yet the gathering on the roof did not apparently get less; other late arrivals joined them, and also gathered on an ash-tree that stood close by. I then saw that a large number of tits, blue-tits, great-tits, and long-tailed-tits, and with them some hedge-sparrows and a few goldcrests had set up a rival meeting-place amongst brambles and long grass. These, in their time, also flew into the stack and disappeared. I waited till it was quite dark and they were all abed; there must have been several hundred birds in that one stack.

It was not long before I saw a sequel to this little scene. It was again late twilight, almost dark, and I had been watching a barn owl fluttering and swaying over a ploughed field. The soft and silent flight of these birds always attracts me, and I followed it for some distance. After working to and fro over the field without finding anything to pounce upon, it set off for a neighbouring group of hay-stacks. It fluttered under the eaves of the stacks, with difficulty it settled, beating its wings. I watched it settle again and again, probing into the stack. Suddenly it lifted clear into the air, flew to the gable of a roof, and began tearing at its prey. This happened several times. Of course it may have been mice that the owl was eating, but I think it was small birds.

(To be continued.)

AN ETHNOLOGICAL FIND.

I HAVE discovered the archives of an extinct race.

I cannot tell where they lived. I conjecture from their unbroken twitter of conversation (comparable to that of starlings in autumn twilight) that their country was somewhere near or within the confines of Cloud-cuckoo-land. Apart from this defect in the records which have accidentally come into my possession, there are few details of their full, eager life which are missing from the document now before me.

These interesting people were in existence between 1840 and 1860. Their city—for such it must have been, to my mind; it had a King of its own, but all the inhabitants knew one another—was on the sea, or at least possessed a harbour. The chronicler—writing mainly in the dialogue form made popular by Aelfric and Erasmus—constantly speaks of seeing or buying fine ships, and of frequenting the society of sea-captains and sailors. Indeed, he seems to have taken a more than casual, even an intimate, interest in seafarers, for when he was asked, 'Have the sailors any good mattresses?' he was able to reply at once that 'they have not any good ones.' He apparently bought little trifles of them—'Have you the birds of the sailors?' 'I have not their birds, but their fine sticks.' Perhaps he employed barter; one sailor is mentioned as owning 'my old gun.'

It is clear also that the trade of the port was active and multifarious. The town was thronged with men of other races—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Poles, Germans, Russians, Dutchmen, Americans, Italians, Spaniards, and 'foreigners' are all mentioned as being present and entering vividly into the life of the place. 'The Americans like us,' the chronicler says. The Germans came to buy horses; they are described as having no ships, but excellent corn. The Turks apparently desired 'our fine guns,' but 'they have them not.' The Spaniards traded in asses, the French in good gloves and other wares. 'Have the French any birds?' 'They have no birds, but they have some pretty jewels.' There is a curious sequel to a note on some Russian traders. 'Have the Russians anything good?' 'They have something good.' 'What have they good?' 'They have some good oxen.' *'Has anyone my small combs?'*

References to firearms occur in the records with some frequency. The chronicler at one time possessed only a wooden gun, but later, after acquiring the merchant's corkscrew, the Frenchman's fine

umbrella, his own brother's good candlestick, a gold ribbon, some of his friends' knives, and several horses, he declares, 'I am in want of a good gun': no doubt to guard these treasures. A little later he was asked, 'Have you seen the fine gun of which I spoke to you?' 'I have seen it.' But he must have been ill-advised if he purchased it at sight, for he exclaims soon afterwards, 'My gun is good for nothing.' He spoke of selling it 'in order to buy a new hat'; but a counsellor dissuaded him with the remark that 'you have more money than you want.' The gun was stolen shortly afterwards. Can the sailor have purloined it, and have been discovered and forgiven?

It is not stated whether this nobler weapon was obtained definitely for self-defence, or as an item in some form of national service. But the little state certainly had enemies, and small naval and military forces were maintained. 'Is our enemy willing to burn his ship?' 'He is not willing to burn his own, but ours.' The threat does not seem to have caused alarm at the moment: life ran its even course. 'Do you wish to do anything?' the chronicler continues: 'I do not wish to do anything.' Masterly inactivity; but the Imperialist questioner is not daunted. 'What do you wish to do?' 'We wish to warm our tea and our father's coffee.' I have never seen a more completely final rebuke. But a fresh menace caused certain precautions to be taken. 'Which looking-glasses have the enemies a desire to break?' an alarmed citizen asks; and receives the devastating reply, 'They have a desire to break those which you have, those which I have, and those which our children and friends have.' 'Have you a mind to buy another ship?' 'I have a mind to buy another.' Small wonder. I find no evidence, however, of the existence of a Navy League in this innocent country.

It is the inconsistencies rather than the determined expression of emotion and policy that are the most striking feature of both the public and private life of the place. Living in many ways an almost Arcadian existence, the inhabitants nevertheless seem at times to be almost in a state of civil war. 'Why have you given that boy a blow with your fist?' The reply and subsequent admissions are startling. 'Because he hindered me from sleeping.' 'Has anybody hindered you from writing?' 'Nobody has hindered me from writing'—to judge from his volubility it would be a difficult task—but I have hindered someone from hurting your cousin.' And again—'A great misfortune has happened to me.' 'What (*lequel*)?' 'I have met with my greatest enemy, who has

given me a blow with a stick.' 'Then I pity you with all my heart.' But his friend was a deep well of pity, for the chronicler immediately upbraids him for pitying someone else at the same time. 'I pity him because you have broken his neck,' was his cold reply.

A somewhat similar tendency to callousness is occasionally observable in their attitude to animals. 'Does the son of our old friend wish to kill an ox?' 'He wishes to kill two.' 'Which ox will he kill?' 'He will kill that of the good peasant.' 'Will he kill this or that ox?' 'He will kill both.' 'Why have your brothers gone away?' 'They have gone away because they did not wish to be seen by the man whose dog they have killed.'

Other aspects of life, however, are more pleasing. The chronicler's family seem united and warm-hearted. He says, frankly, of himself, 'I am loved.' His younger brothers were 'loved by their friends.' Of his elder brother, a great traveller, described as 'assiduous,' he writes, 'When we are not together, we always think of each other.' The tendency towards the common holding or the constant exchange of personal property, already noticed, cannot but denote an amicable state of society, even though one hears the faint voice of discontent now and again—'Sometimes you are sleepy, sometimes cold, sometimes warm,' grumbles the friendly interlocutor, 'and sometimes something else is the matter with you.' The author's tastes were simple—to study, to read a good book, to go to the theatre, the concert, and the ball, and to ride.

But his family were not wholly perfect. His uncle, who loved him, 'likes to drink better than to eat.' 'What does your uncle ask for?' 'He asks for a glass of wine.' 'Has he not already drunk?' 'He has already drunk, but he is still thirsty.' The uncle was married, and had no money, but was very pleased with his children, and happier than his rich friends. And one brother was something of a glutton: 'though he said he had no appetite, yet, for all that, he ate all the meat, bread and vegetables, and drank all the wine, beer, and cider.' Their life at times was luxurious. They lived in 'a very fine castle.' They had ornaments of silver and gold, and 'much bread, much wine, and many books.' 'We eat good bread, beef, and cakes.' When the son of their gardener went to market for them, he 'bought some chickens, oxen, corn, wine, cheese, and cider.' They had so many cherries and strawberries that they could not eat them all. They had generous neighbours, too: 'How many peaches has your neighbour (fem.) given you?' 'She has given me more than twenty.' This 'good neighbour (fem.)' was perhaps nearer to the writer's affections

than another friend, with whom he had the following remarkable dialogue :

'Is it right to laugh thus at everybody?' 'If I laugh at your coat, I do not laugh at everybody.' 'Does your son resemble anyone?' (Why not say outright, 'Does your son take after you?') 'He resembles no one.' 'Why do you not drink?' 'I do not know what to drink, for I like good wine and yours looks like vinegar.'

We live in a wale, and must take the consequences of such a situation. This happy family had its little and great trials, even its eternal partings. 'Why do you sit near the fire?' 'My hands and feet are cold; that is the reason why I sit near the fire.' 'Are your sister's hands cold?' 'No, but her feet are cold.' 'What is the matter with your aunt?' 'Her leg hurts her.' 'Is anything the matter with you?' 'My head hurts me.' 'What is the matter with that woman?' 'Her tongue hurts her very much.' Most of the family spent much time in cutting their fingers, and several had sore feet. Then there was a cousin who was 'always getting into some bad scrape (or other)'—and apparently staying there; unlike the chronicler, who boasted that he himself always got out of them again. And an elder sister was idle and naughty.

And then there was a holocaust. 'Of what illness did your sister die?' 'She died of (*de la*) fever.' 'How is your brother?' 'My brother is no longer living. He died three months ago . . . of apoplexy.' 'How is the mother of your friend?' 'She is not well; she had an attack of ague the day before yesterday, and this morning the fever has returned.' 'Has she an intermittent fever?' 'I do not know, but she often has cold fits.' 'What has become of the woman whom I saw at your mother's?' 'She died this morning of apoplexy.' 'Why does the mother of our old servant shed tears?' 'She sheds tears because the old clergyman (*le vieil ecclésiastique*), her friend, died a few days ago.' 'Of what illness did he die?' 'He was struck with apoplexy.'

'Oh, oh,' as M. Maeterlinck says, 'it is very sad.'

But the most remarkable attribute of the race, in my opinion—if I except for the moment certain features of the scanty remains of its literature—is the lightning-like, almost inconsequent, agility of its mind. From the psychological point of view, their association of ideas is so rapid, compared with our own, as to be sometimes almost imperceptible. Their nimble wits leap from subject to subject with the silence and celerity of a lemur. I should like to

give a typical extract, endeavouring, with an understanding creeping slowly far behind that of this lively chronicler, to suggest the suppressed stages in his mental process. In the original the questions and answers are continuous, and the gaps unexplained.

'Has the Frenchman had good wine?' 'He has had some, and he has still (*encore*) some.' 'Hast thou had large cakes?' 'I have had some.'

The connexion here, I think, must be derived from the Victorian custom of offering guests a glass of wine and a little cake. The largeness and plural number of the cakes is in keeping with the tendency of the race to luxury.

'Has thy brother had any?' 'He has not had any.' And here I feel a little bewildered, for the dialogue gives a surprising jump. 'Has the son of our gardener had any butter?' 'He has had some.' It may be that there is a two-fold association here, with a complex link. It is probable, from other passages, that the brother had been denied large cakes, as a punishment for some disobedience. The moralist would automatically think of man's first disobedience, and the fruit. . . . Hence gardener. And then again, his strong sympathy with the poor would lead him to remember sadly that the indigent gardener could hardly afford to purchase large cakes for his own son, however lavish his previously mentioned commitments in his employer's behalf. The gardener's son must munch bread: and so to butter.

His next thought-step from the gardener naturally took him to Poles. 'Have the Poles had good tobacco?' 'They have had some.' 'What tobacco have they had?' 'They have had tobacco and snuff.' There may be here also dim subconscious memories of the era when 'monkeys chewed tobacco,' and of the fact that gardeners are usually Scotsmen—the tobacconist's sign in those days. Englishmen would naturally be the next stage by contrast. 'Have the English had as much sugar as tea?' 'They have had as much of the one as of the other.' The consequence of taking sugar and tea half-and-half clearly inspires the grim next sentence. 'Has the physician been right?' 'He has been wrong.' And then there emerges a singularly rigid and colourless figure who, I think, can only be introduced here as Mrs. Trimmer introduced the mock-bird ('properly a native of America') into her 'History of the Robins'—'for the sake of the moral.' 'Has the Dutchman been right or wrong?' 'He has never been either right or wrong.' I am not quite sure what the moral is, but I feel certain it is there. 'Never right or wrong': what *was* he?

I have said that few fragments of their literature appear to be preserved. Scattered through the chronicle are a few anecdotes of no marked character: they resemble the early fables of all literature. Towards the end is a longer narrative—a sort of short epic, the ‘History of John and Mary.’ I can condense it into even less space than it occupies in the full text. It is as quick in its transitions as the dialogues. John and Mary, four and three years of age respectively, were wrecked with their father and mother. The father vanished in the ocean; the mother and two children were washed ashore on a desert island, where they lived on birds’ eggs and fruit for two years, in a hollow tree-trunk. The mother then died in the tree, leaving them her Testament and Prayer-book. After several days the hollow tree became uninhabitable for reasons which are described in full and frank detail. They had to seek another hollow tree. The island apparently abounded in them, and the birds nested, the fruits ripened, all the year round. They lived in the new tree eleven years, when a boat with ‘several black men’ arrived, and bore them off to another island, whose king fell in love with Mary. The black men were cannibals, and worshipped ‘a great ugly monkey (*le singe*).’ John and Mary, the good little Christians, poisoned the monkey, and it died. A new one was procured, and it was proposed to offer the two young people as a burnt sacrifice to the beast. This was about to be done when enemy cannibals landed, defeated the aborigines, and carried off the whites as slaves to *their* king. This king had another white prisoner, whom he proposed to fatten up (*l’engraisser*) and eat. It was Daddy, of course. Mary went to the king and made a firm offer: ‘He is old and thin, and I am young and fat; so I hope you will be so kind as to eat me instead.’ The Savage was so struck by the Maiden’s Prayer that he set all three free and put them on a boat bound for a Spanish island. The Governor of the island married Mary (‘this girl has not a penny—*n’a pas le sou*—and is sadly sunburnt—*brûlée du soleil*; but—’) and ‘gave one of his relations to John.’ ‘They lived very happy in this island, admiring the wisdom of Providence, that had only allowed Mary to be a slave that she might thereby be the means of (*que pour lui donner occasion de*) saving her father’s life.’

What a world! And Ollendorf, its inventor, claimed for it that ‘from one end of the book to the other the pupil’s attention is continually kept alive.’ I suggest hypertrophied as a more suitable adjective.

F. J. HARVEY DARTON.

THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE.

I.—A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR PETROL TINS.

It is the autumn, the Season of Repentance, and yet, as I sit here turning over each sweet morsel in our summer of crime, I am no fit subject for absolution. I am free and impenitent. My accomplice, Chief Inspector Dawson, who at this moment languishes in gaol, may rage and beat his breast against the bars, but there is no remorse in that stern heart—not a scrap. Happy Day, the major criminal whose incompetence stimulated Dawson to put forth his genius—‘I hate to see a job bungled’! cried Dawson, the true artist in him on fire—Happy Day withdrew at a critical instant, for the most paltry of reasons: he had become engaged to an angel among women, and had resolved to be worthy of her! Happy Day could not understand why we laughed. He had expected bitter exasperation, reproaches, even blows; he received instead derisive laughter. That cackle of laughter will haunt him upon his wedding morn, and on many morns thereafter. When he learns to understand it and to share in it he will have become a free man, even as are Dawson and I. For, though Dawson languishes behind stone walls, his spirit, the essence of manhood, is as free as mine.

Dawson was tried and convicted under the style and description of Cholmondeley Jones, journalist and author. He assumed for the adornment of the dock my own sorry trades, and I cannot be too thankful that it did not accord with his bizarre sense of humour to assume my name also. The name was out and written down before he thought of me, but the description indicates that I was an instant later present to his mind. My poor reputation missed a crash by a few seconds. When I learned of his arrest I rushed down with an offer of bail—which was disrespectfully declined—and later I visited him in his prison cell. He showed no gratitude when I offered to stand beside him, a self-accused brother in iniquity. He, the professional, contemptuously thrust aside me, the intrusive amateur. The trade union of law and crime has no use for blacklegs.

‘What would be the good of that?’ he asked scornfully. ‘You

would get hurt to no purpose. You would be made to serve your sentence less a discount for good conduct, while my three years will come down to less than three months. Do you suppose they don't know who I am? I put up the Cholmondeley Jones fake for the Bench and the Press, not for the police. How do they know? Finger prints. Mine were taken at the Yard during the war for identification in case my headless and mutilated corpse were one day recovered from the river. I came near to that more than once. But the Yard knows that Dawson is in a mess which every police officer in the country has to do his utmost to cover up. I was took the day before yesterday, and at first they were rather haughty: they came the District Inspector and Sergeant over me. But since then they can't do enough to make Mr. Cholmondeley Jones comfortable. The Yard has got out my finger-print record, the dear old Chief is cursing and tearing his hair, my late colleagues and rivals are pretending to feel grave concern, and my late subordinates are grinning all over their silly faces and half-way down their fat backs. Down here I might be a field-marshal waited on by pip-squeaks. They crawl in and back out like as if I was Royalty. The secret will be kept, you see. I shall be given three years from the Bench, but the doors will be opened by the police inside three months. So don't you go butting in with that tom-fool notion of giving yourself up.'

I was present at the Winchester Assizes and heard Dawson plead 'Guilty' in what the newspapers called a firm voice. They added that Mr. Cholmondeley Jones, the well-known author—they did not seek to penetrate the illusive sphere of his well-known authorship—appeared to feel his position acutely. Formal evidence was given of Dawson's red-handed capture, and within ten minutes the knife fell which was aimed to cut him off from human society for three years. For me the whole sordid drama had the air of a carefully rehearsed scene in a play. If the Judge knew that it was a play—which I take leave to doubt—he acted his part to admiration. He said that when a highly educated professional man, with a distinguished career behind him in journalism and—er—literature, committed the heinous offence of smuggling whisky at thirty degrees over proof—a sympathetic sigh went up from the Bar—it was time for Justice to take her coat off—or words to that effect. So Justice, grinning behind the bandage which veils her eyes, took off her coat, smote Dawson violently with her scales, and the Court passed on to the next case. Mr. Cholmondeley

Jones, the well-known journalist and author, whose air of hardened unconcern impressed the reporters unfavourably, was conveyed to the cells, where he still languishes. Had he cringed or wept he might have achieved popularity—during the currency of one issue of an evening paper.

That was more than two months ago. He gave his own period of incarceration a limit of three months, and, seeing that every other detail in the play was written precisely as he foretold, I am disposed to believe him in this. 'Careful, sir,' whispered a police officer as Dawson moved away. 'Mind the steps—they are a bit crooked.' The respectful solicitude of the captors for their convicted captive makes me doubt if there has been much of languishment about Dawson's prison life. I picture him in Winchester Gaol as the honoured guest of the warders' mess. Maybe he dines nightly with the Governor. I am sure that long ere this his Hard Shell Baptistry has fallen like an Homeric rock upon the Episcopalian head of the Chaplain. It is possible that while I, his accomplice and tempter, mourn over him, Dawson is experiencing the time of his life. His last words to me were: 'Get busy. Write of all the fun that we had together. You have been wasting the good years; it is time that you gave the public some more of the authentic Dawson.' So while he lang—, while, at any rate, he lies a captive in the hands of the outraged and respectful Law, I have been getting busy. Perhaps he really will be 'out' in time to read the proofs.

All the circumstances which led, with unhalting steps, up to the arrest and conviction of Mr. Cholmondeley Jones had been arranged by Fate, that most meticulous of artists in humour. Every detail had been thought out and written down in the Books of Destiny long ere Dawson and I, his biographer, came upon the scene. Happy Day's two-hundred-year-old wine and spirit business at Southampton; Happy Day's twenty-foot yawl in which he and I purposed to cruise the Narrow Seas; the kink in Happy Day's mind which imparted an engagingly unlawful twist to his commercial operations—a 'born crook' was Dawson's description of him; Dawson's six weeks of holiday from the Yard, the first of his holidays since the dreadful summer of 1914; and, lastly, the removal by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the Customs duty on petrol—all had been arranged by that artist, Fate, before word was given to ring up the curtain. For what followed we

were all amenable to the Law, though our consciences acquitted us of blame. What were we but the toys with which Fate had been pleased to divert her leisure ?

When Dawson first burst in upon me on the eve of my departure for Southampton, I, poor fool, resented his presence as an intrusion. When, further, he declared his intention to accompany me, and to extort an invitation to spend weeks in the cabin of a total stranger, I flushed with embarrassment. I ought to have remembered that, though born in a Portsmouth cottage, and bred as a private and, later, sergeant of Marines, Dawson possessed a compelling charm of manner which could impose upon men—and, what was more wonderful, upon women. He had dined with Cabinet Ministers and had supped with princes. No one would mistake him for a product of Eton and Oxford, or of Winchester and Cambridge: he could not disguise his homespun fabric; yet he was a man upon whose lips men hung. Dawson would twist Happy Day about his smallest finger.

We engaged comfortable rooms at the Dolphin, despatched an invitation to Happy Day, and arranged the features of the campaign. It was an excellent dinner which Dawson ordered, though he confided the selection of wines and cigars to me. You see, I knew Happy Day and Happy Day's tastes, while he did not—and Dawson conceded, though unwillingly, that some things are learned better in London clubs than in Marine sergeants' messes.

In his well-cut dinner jacket and black tie—Dawson, a man of the people, was far too wise to patronise a cheap tailor—in his dinner kit Dawson did not look a day over thirty—which was absurd—and, more surprising still, looked and moved and spoke like a gentleman. He was not, and never could be, the genuine article, but, in his own forcible words, 'he was a damned fine imitation.'

Happy Day, when he arrived, was carrying a squat broad suit-case of peculiar pattern. This he put down in a corner of our private room. When I introduced Dawson in his proper person—as Chief Inspector Dawson—Day started quite perceptibly and glanced uneasily towards that queerly patterned suit-case.

We sat down, and Dawson laid himself out to remove what he had instantly perceived to have been a bad first impression. The food was excellent, the wine excellent, and the cigars Corona Coronas. 'Are you people profiteers?' murmured Happy Day, as the waves of physical content enwrapped him.

'I am a humble police officer,' said Dawson frankly—'not a gentleman like you or our friend here. But as I have been living on my expense sheets for seven years, and saving my salary all the time, I asked permission to indulge myself in a good dinner for once in a while. You do me the honour to-night, Mr. Day, to be my guest.'

'It is a real honour,' said Day heartily. 'That Goulet might have come out of my own cellar below Bar. These cigars are top hole, in perfect condition. If you were not a Chief Inspector, Mr. Dawson, and an awful guardian of the Law, I would give you some liqueur whisky, thirty over proof, which would make your hair curl.'

'I am not what you could call cracked on the Law,' murmured Dawson.

I then explained to Happy Day the intricacies of Dawson's character: how he pursued criminals and spies for the sheer love of the chase; how he always yearned to let them free after they had been caught—with a kindly pat on the head and an admonition not to be caught next time; how he had been responsible for prison reforms of the most staggering clemency: how, in short, he was a sportsman by Divine grace and a police officer by accident.

Happy Day turned with interest towards his host. 'Is it understood that we are here between four private walls?' inquired he.

'You may safely tell me of all your murders and other felonies,' replied Dawson dryly. 'I am off duty.'

Day arose and went towards that queerly shaped suit-case. This he opened, and drew forth a broad flat container of metal, something resembling a small petrol tin. It was well made of sheet steel, and had a screw stopper.

'This,' observed Day softly, 'holds just one gallon of the liqueur whisky of which I spoke just now. It comes from my cellars in Guernsey, where it has slowly ripened these fifteen years. To its other supreme merits it adds this one: that it has never paid one farthing of duty.'

Dawson thrust forward a claret glass. 'Unstop the keg,' said he. 'It will taste fine.'

And so it was that Dawson and I succumbed to the temptation to which Happy Day, with less excuse, had already fallen. Day was a wealthy man. Let us, for the sake of statistical discussion,

assume that he saved five pounds in duty upon every gallon of whisky which he smuggled from Guernsey into Southampton. It was probably less, though I hesitate to make a nearer estimate. If, I say, Happy Day saved five pounds per gallon, thirty over proof, what was a miserable five pounds when set against the expenses of his yawl and the risk which he ran? A conviction for smuggling would have thrown him into gaol and torn up the two-hundred-year-old licence of his wine and spirit business. It was because he was born a crook that he ventured so rashly his liberty and fortune, and it was because he was born a crook that the heart of William Dawson beat in harmony with his heart. For Dawson, though a Chief Inspector and a professional terror to evil-doers, was himself a 'born crook.' His forbears, like mine, of the old West Country had been wreckers and smugglers to a man and woman. We were law-serving citizens by habit and compulsion; at heart we revelled in the possibilities of law-breaking.

I cannot in other fashion explain the crookedness of Happy Day, or the crookedness of William Dawson, or the sense of companionship in crookedness which deliciously tickled my own black soul.

Next morning—it was not very early—Happy Day's car appeared before the doors of the Dolphin, and he drove his guests down to the river where his yawl lay hard by Marchwood. She was in temporary charge of a longshoreman, who presently came buzzing up to us in a dinghy propelled by an Evinrude motor. Once aboard, Dawson thoughtfully inspected the yacht. He observed with satisfaction her short, handy spars and the ten-horse-power auxiliary motor with which she was equipped for harbour work. He sniffed at her white hull and her gentle name, *L'Innocence*.

"'Innocence!'" said he, pronouncing the word English fashion. 'We are a gay, innocent crew for so chaste a craft!'

Then he began to ask questions. Where was the petrol stored—the petrol for the motor and the dinghy? They showed him a dozen or more tins fitted into a neat bunker aft. What was her ballast? Day, raising a couple of floor boards in the handsome cabin, indicated the closely packed pigs of lead. 'She has a heavy deep-sea keel,' said he, 'so that we do not use much ballast.' Dawson, a flash-lamp in hand, stuck his head under the boards and explored the chasm which yawned between cabin floor and keelson. Then he arose.

'I suppose that for your car and the yacht and the dinghy you keep a good supply of petrol?'

'Yes,' replied Happy Day. 'We buy about a hundred gallons at a time.'

Dawson smiled grimly. 'It is the very softest job that ever was,' said he.

'What is?' asked Day, puzzled.

'Our job,' returned Dawson enigmatically.

Chief Inspector Dawson brought to the perpetration of wholesale crime a flood of resource and experience which tore from their frail moorings the remnants of our scruples. It is true that Happy Day, the chief proprietor of a two-hundred-year-old wine and spirit business in Southampton, had become hardened to the retail side of smuggling enterprises. From his cellars in Guernsey to his house in Southampton Park he had been accustomed to bear a specially designed suit-case containing two gallons of liqueur whisky, thirty over proof, which had not dishonoured its chaste perfections by the payment of duty. It was so very simple to come and go in his white yawl *L'Innocence*. A private yacht neither enters nor clears. She moves upon the waters as a chartered libertine. Customs officers regard not her wayward sailings. Happy Day had grown so inured to the smuggling of whisky—in what Dawson contemptuously called 'penny numbers'—that his conscience, if he ever had possessed one, as a loyal, duty-paying citizen had become atrophied. But in all business enterprises the passage from the retail to the wholesale is perilous. A rising young barrister of the Junior Bar does not take silk with a keener apprehension of possible disaster than that with which a retail merchant launches his fragile shopkeeping bark upon the wholesale ocean. It is as if an expert in Thames racing craft suddenly betook himself to deep-sea cruising west of the Scillies.

I hold Happy Day commendably free from petty scruples, though somewhat lacking in the sublime recklessness of true courage. He hesitated when confronted by Dawson's sweeping plans for smuggling liqueur whisky, thirty over proof, not in two-gallon dribblets but in hundred-gallon cargoes. 'It is the very softest job that ever was,' declared Dawson.

'It may be,' observed Happy Day uneasily; 'I will take your word for it. But suppose that we were caught? You and Bennet here could resume your lawful occupations after serving your allotted terms in gaol, but I should lose my licence with my liberty.'

You do not own a wine and spirit business which has preserved an unblemished and highly profitable reputation since the first decade of the eighteenth century.'

'Phut!' cried Dawson. 'It is time so mouldy a concern were cleaned up and reconstructed. If you lose your licence and go bust I will teach you how to begin another, a really modern one too, under a new name and with a new identity. I, Dawson, have a score of perfectly good identities; cannot you have a miserable two? It would grieve me to think that you were no better than a poltroon.'

'It would pain me to lose the good opinion of Dawson the criminal, though I might thereby earn the commendation of Dawson the police officer. Your miscellaneous identities and characters bewilder a simple tradesman. What say you?' he asked, turning towards me.

'Heaven forbid that I should arbitrate between you,' said I. 'My serene intellect convinces me that for you to fall in with Dawson's scandalous suggestions would be sheer March madness committed in sober May—folly inexcusable. And yet my lawless instincts impel me to urge you upon the horrid road of superfluous crime. I am a writer, which, being interpreted justly, implies that I am a man swept clean of all principle. If you partake with Dawson and me in this joyous smuggling venture, you will be supplying me with bountiful "copy" for appropriate use hereafter. All the world, the beautiful world which God made and man does his worst to spoil, exists for me only as a source of "copy." My arrest and conviction would be just "copy," more copy. My tribulations in gaol would be "copy," more copy. If I were condemned to death, the executioner would find me in my whitewashed cell, full of my last selected breakfast, busy at my typewriter, lest my unique sensations at a supreme moment of earthly experience should be lost to a world of curious readers. I am not a man: I am a journalist.' I laughed softly.

'So that is all right,' said Dawson cheerfully. 'Seek safety for yourself if you please, Mr. Day. My friend and I will carry on by our little selves. Hire the yawl to us at a nominal rental and draw clear. It will be a lawful charter, and your virtue will suffer no risk of compromise.'

The harsh contempt in Dawson's voice stung Day like a blistering plaster stuck upon a raw wound. 'What are your plans?' he inquired curtly. The question convinced me that he also was lost.

'It is the very softest job that ever was,' said Dawson. 'See here. Now that the duty has been taken off petrol, tins of it pass freely without check or hindrance. There are ten tins already aboard of us for our lawful occasions—for the yacht's motor, for the dinghy's Evinrude, and for the refreshment of your shore car. Suppose in place of ten tins we carried sixty, would anyone count or question our complement?'

'No,' replied Happy Day, puckering his brows. 'We could load six hundred if we so pleased.'

'Had the duty remained charged upon petrol we could have done nothing along this road,' explained Dawson. 'But now that it has been taken off, our path is swept clean and smooth.'

'Dawson,' said I, 'I am not wholly an idiot, and there comes to my mind some inkling of your playful devices. Yet please expound them further. There is always a snag hidden somewhere upon which the softest jobs are wrecked. In murder the snag is the disposal of the corpse; in theft, the profitable sale of the plunder; in embezzlement, the cooking of books for the confounding of auditors; in smuggling it is the gap which yawns between the hold of the yacht and the cellar of the receiver. You have thought out the plan, but have you duly considered the snag?'

'It does not exist,' said Dawson easily—at the moment, I thought, too easily. In my time I have devised many plans whence I should draw wealth and honour by the bucketful; I am still poor and lacking of honourable fame, for it has not been granted to me to think of the hidden snags.

'All that we need provide ourselves,' resumed Dawson, 'for the fulfilment of my venture are fifty empty petrol tins. It will give an air of verisimilitude if they be of varied brands—Shell and Pratt and B.P. The green and red and yellow honesty of them will colour us. Empty and well scoured, they will lie snugly under the cabin flooring. Then we will up anchor upon our cruise of pleasure in the Narrow Seas. Suppose that we bring up at St. Peter Port in Guernsey, what could be more natural? Has not Mr. Day a house there and cellars there for our refreshment? St. Peter Port shall be our destination.'

'There is a flavour of old days,' put in Happy Day, his eyes beginning to burn. 'My father has told me how up to about 1850 the cellars of Day and Company at Guernsey, and those other cellars of ours at Roscoff in Brittany—since abandoned—were vast repositories of dutiable liquors, and silks, and tobaccos

upon which duty had never been paid. Roscoff and Guernsey were our free ports then, and from them we conducted our free trade. Not ourselves, of course, for we were merchants of unblemished reputation. But from our cellars in the free ports the kegs were loaded into smuggling cutters, and when those kegs had reached the harbourage of Southampton who could say whence they had come? The wealth of my unblemished and profitable firm was based upon the free trade in the days that are gone by. But we never made half so much out of the unlawful free trade as we did out of the lawful war.'

'So now that the war is over we must go back to the free trade,' said Dawson. 'Could any job be more soft? We fill the empty petrol tins in Guernsey: we fill them with old liqueur whisky at thirty over proof. We bear away a hundred gallons under our floor boards of that divine liquor of which we drank last night. When we return to our moorings here by Marchwood . . .'

'Ah,' I murmured, 'the snag!'

'There is no snag,' said Dawson coldly; 'for the tins which were filled with liqueur whisky at Guernsey, and deposited under our cabin floor, will appear upon our deck as tins of petrol—in the flaming and convincing colours of Shell and Pratt and B.P.'

For an instant I was puzzled, but then light dawned and I broke into a weak cackle of laughter. Dawson grinned in sympathy. Happy Day still remained puzzled.

'I don't quite follow,' murmured he. 'It may be easy for Chief Inspector Dawson to slip from one identity to another—to be a police officer at one moment and a criminal at another. But how can liqueur whisky suddenly become petrol, and how should we be profited if it did?'

'Does port become Burgundy because one changes the label on the bottle?' inquired Dawson sourly. 'You are not very quick in the uptake, Mr. Happy Day. If, I say, fifty tins of spirit certified to be genuine by the labels and leaden seals of Messrs. Shell and Pratt and Anglo-Persia stand upon our deck, can we not remove them in the sight of all men? We will ferry them ashore in the dinghy. We will stack them respectably in one of Mr. Day's professional vans. We will transport them to his private house in Southampton Park, and then . . .'

'Yes—and then?' asked Day eagerly, for Dawson paused dramatically.

'We will empty the liqueur whisky out of the tins into an appropriate cask in Mr. Day's cellar. We will do this ourselves, for the avoidance of hired accomplices is the secret of successful crime. The tins, well cleaned and scoured, become once more evidences of our virgin innocence. They can be used again for legitimate petrol, or may be used again for illegitimate liqueur whisky. Where is the snag that you are so fond of, Mr. Bennet?'

'I confess that it escapes me for the moment. But I feel convinced that it lingers somewhere in the background. It always does, the little beast.'

'How often in a season could one carry out this—this—manœuvre?' inquired Happy Day lustfully. I could no longer detect in him any shadow of a scruple, or any dread of the shattering consequences should some Southampton Customs officer have the curiosity to inquire why Day should be burdened to import petrol by private yacht when he could buy any needful quantity at ease in Southampton. I perceived that Dawson's scheme could be operated safely once, or even twice, but I doubted of it as an assured means of livelihood.

'We must not be greedy,' said Dawson in reply to Happy Day's avaricious inquiry. 'We must shrink from becoming conspicuous as inexplicable importers of coals into Newcastle. Even your discreet vanmen would begin to chatter in their pubs if we ran a cargo of petrol tins too often. I submit that two guilty cruises will be sufficient, one at the beginning and the other at the end of my leave. In between whiles your yawl should act up to her innocent name, and we can enjoy ourselves as harmless yachtsmen. Luck will not be forced: if one tries, it rounds and bites one in the neck. I will bet you what you please that we bring off the first trip without a hitch.'

'Give me ten to one and I am a taker,' I observed.

Dawson glared at me with an appearance of positive aversion. 'Done,' he growled. 'In Treasury notes. Mr. Day shall hold the stakes. It will be found money for me.'

There was no difficulty about the cargo of empty petrol tins. Happy Day had a score or so of them lying about, and he readily made up the number to fifty by buying full ones and emptying their contents into the big tank at his warehouse. The cleansing we did ourselves on board the yawl. After draining out all the heavy petrol gas, we scoured out the insides of the tins with sand

and hot water. The job occupied some of the ample spare time which we enjoyed while on the outward run to Guernsey.

Happy Day, that lucky man who was, and remains, unworthy of the bounty of Fate, possessed a small house set in a couple of acres of glass and garden upon the upper fringe of St. Peter Port. His firm's vast cellars were down by the harbour, cloven long since out of the living rock. As a bailiff of Guernsey, seisin of the soil under Norman-French tenure, he possessed a sure and lovely retreat should the storms of financial or other disaster overwhelm him in England. He could always hie forth merrily to St. Peter Port and there live free of the income tax, super-tax, beer, wine, and spirit duties which make of life for the rest of us so burdensome a privilege. With his two acres of land, half covered with glass houses, and most of the remainder intensively cultivated under *cloches* in French fashion, he was self-supporting in the fruits of the earth. Chickens and ducks in abundance furnished him with eggs and flesh food, and a couple of Guernsey cows anticipated his requirements in milk, cream, and butter. We passed two days in princely and envious comfort at his cottage.

We visited the cellars of Day and Company, and there inspected the vats in which their liqueur whisky ripened towards a perfect flavour. Neither Dawson nor I had much taste for spirits—save as an occasional titillation of the jaded palate—yet we could not stand without emotion beside those teeming vats. 'And not a headache in a hogshead,' murmured Dawson. 'Lead me away quick, or in my old age my nose will blossom with the flaming badge of a drunkard!'

We filled the petrol tins ourselves one evening, for we had no mind to admit even a Guernsey cellarman as an accomplice. We filled up the tins to the weight of about eighteen pounds apiece, shipped and stowed them ourselves, and then, laden with the rich and aromatic spoil, slipped one fine evening from our moorings. Both Day and I were tolerably expert yachtsmen, and Dawson—though a Marine and a Navy man who hated the sea, as all Marines profess to do—displayed a remarkable handiness in a small sailing craft. When I asked him how and when he had learned to sail a boat so deftly, he sniffed contemptuously. 'I never learned,' said he—'I never needed to. The thing was born in me, as it was in you and Happy Day.' And so it was. We of the old West Country are born with a sheet in one hand and a tiller in the other. My son, who had never navigated anything but a rowboat until

he found himself one day in charge of a Red Wing in Bermuda Harbour, tells me that the whole mystery and craft of its handling were revealed to him in one flash of instinct.

The three of us made little of sailing a twenty-foot yawl, and upon the evening of our departure from Guernsey supped comfortably together on deck as we lay to off 'Mullin Wet' Bay. There we counted our chickens before they were hatched—or, rather, Dawson and Day counted them while I listened. I still suffered from gentle forebodings. It all seemed too easy: Dawson's improper schemes were running too smoothly; Fate had manifestly oiled the wheels; but where was the unexpected sand for the bearings which she always carries concealed in her wide sleeves?

Southampton, for a reason never clearly explained to me, is a haven with a double service of tides. An hour or two after one has started to get out a new one strives to push in. This makes the estuaries which feed Southampton Water singularly convenient for small shipping. Happy Day's *L'Innocence*, with her deep-sea keel drawing some seven feet of water, could make her moorings by motor at any state of tide, so that our arrival was not delayed by untoward circumstance. We furled sail off the Ocean Quay and buzzed up to Marchwood under the ten-horse-power engine. Day went ashore and telephoned for a van to come down at once. Dawson and I started to lift the cabin boards and to break up the cargo of petrol tins. They lay neatly as we had stowed them upon the ballast of pig lead. The stoppers had been carefully screwed down, and the blameless seals of Shell and Pratt and B.P. restored. With that close attention to detail which Dawson declares distinguishes the capable criminal from the wretched, bungling amateur—'most murderers,' says he, 'are amateurs, and very amateurish at that; that is why they get themselves hanged'—with close attention to detail, we had taken care that the seals should correspond with the impressed brands upon the sides of the tins. Dawson himself verified each one. He was not, he said, going to prison because a fool like Bennet or Day, put a Pratt seal upon a Shell can.

By the time that Happy Day returned—his Evinrude had been sulky—the fifty tins, bright in their rainbow colours, shone upon our deck. There remained some few minutes to fill in, so, at the suggestion of Dawson, we descended to the cabin and drank success to the last stage of the venture—appropriately, in a sample of whisky of which the tins contained the bulk. It was because we

had been so occupied, for the reason that the rich flavour of the keen spirit was upon our palates and in our nostrils, that we did not perceive that which immediately made itself manifest to the senses of Happy Day. There was a slight suck of air from the west, and, as it happened, we were standing to windward of the cargo, when Day appeared over the bulwarks to leeward. 'I have telephoned for a motor van,' said he. 'It should be down in twenty minutes. You might have a look at the Evinrude, Dawson. It is missing badly. I expect . . .' Then he started, sniffed the pleasant evening breeze, sniffed again, and approached our neatly arrayed cargo of petrol tins.

'*The snag!*' he murmured.

Dawson's ruddy cheek could not blanch—it was as artificial as his corrupt soul—but I felt myself go white. 'What is it?' I cried to Happy Day across the evidences of our iniquity.

'Come over here and smell for yourselves,' he replied.

We rushed over to leeward and, standing beside Happy Day, drew in our breaths deeply.

'There is no mistaking it,' groaned Dawson. 'No screw stoppers nor painted steel can keep in that divine aroma!'

There was no mistaking that aroma which flowed forth towards us upon the breeze. The tins of their richness were giving off more than a faint whisper. The atmosphere of the yawl's deck, and maybe the air down-wind for a prodigious distance to leeward, proclaimed the presence in volume of liqueur whisky at thirty over proof!

'That is the kind of blunder which has hanged many an innocent man,' whispered Dawson. 'For a guilty one it is fatal, just fatal.'

Something drastic needed to be done, and that quickly. At any moment now the van might appear on the bank opposite, the leeward bank, and the driver might sniff the grateful breeze—grateful to him, yet scented with detection and incarceration for us three. A motor man may have no palate for divine essences, but his nose is instantly apprised of their presence.

'Petrol!' muttered Day. 'Shall we scatter a gallon over those tins? The smell may . . .'

It was then that Dawson sprang to his full stature as a criminal of infinite resource. Instantly he detected what was amiss and devised the appropriate remedy.

'Petrol?' he growled. 'No use. It will evaporate in five minutes, and those fifty tins in a motor van will cry out their

contents to every thirsty soul in Southampton. No. The whisky does not penetrate the stoppers or the sheet steel of the tins. We must have spilled some of it upon the outsides when we filled them. We must smother the delicate aroma of liqueur whisky with another which is more enduring and more pungent. If you have no paraffin we are lost men.'

Happy Day, whose countenance had been oppressed with gloom, broke into a grin of relief. 'Quick, Bennet—jump lively! There is any quantity of paraffin. What else do we use for the ship's lanterns? You will find a tin under the fo'c'sle.'

'And bring the very dirtiest rag that you can pick up,' added Dawson.

I jumped lively, and returned with a gallon of foully smelling paraffin, together with a rag of repulsive dirtiness.

Dawson grasped both. He fell to his knees. Tin by tin he went through that precious, that too sweetly scented, cargo. He smeared every tin of it lavishly with paraffin, and as soon as he had completed the loathsome job the motor van appeared on the bank a hundred yards distant.

'You can blow as hard as you darned please now,' said Dawson to the innocent breeze. 'Blow as hard as you like, you won't give us away any more.'

It was so. The cargo tortured the evening air. Whether it was the paraffin alone, or whether the filthy cloth had contributed some foul essence of its own, I do not know. But no human nostril, however perceptive, could have penetrated that abyss of smell contributed by Dawson and taken cognisance of the delicious aroma smothered underneath it.

We were saved, but it had been a near thing, a very near thing.

Dawson sighed when, after two journeys, the cargo of petrol tins had been discharged and loaded upon the waiting van. He sighed deeply, and moved like a man exhausted mentally and physically.

'I felt,' said he, 'like what a man must feel who has successfully poisoned his wife with arsenic, and who learns years afterwards that the Home Office has granted an order for the body to be exhumed.'

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF A THREE-DAYS' TOUR TO THE NETHERLANDS.

AUGUST, 1842.—T. CARLYLE.

II

OUR Captain had been in Ghent before, and fancied he could remember that his *Hôtel* was named *de Flandre*: thitherward as benighted fowls towards any guidance or gleam of candle light, we determined; and, our Hon. Commissioner so ordering it,—determined in the pedestrian method. Leaving omnibuses audibly promising many things, *Hôtel de Flandre* audible, among others, we, each with his small travelling-bag in hand, set forth into the unknown element, uncertain yet on which hand of us Ghent might properly lie, to seek the *Hôtel de Flandre* there. Douaniers at a barrier poked out upon our bags, but judged them unworthy of search; we marched along with the general stream, thro' a new naked-looking street of no great length feebly lighted with gas; and at the farther end, inquiring of a Captain of the Watch, learned that our *Hôtel de Flandre*, that indeed all Ghent itself, lay to the left,—to the left.

Ghent streets, at least this one of ours to the left, were noisy: more like English streets; loud with vehicles, with variety of movement. For one thing, multitudes of human creatures seemed to have been drinking; Ghent, at that hour, had totally an intoxicated air. At the very entrance of our new street, a considerable squadron of young persons, seemingly workmen and workwomen, met us, with arms linked, and a kind of regular march, singing very loud with a decidedly Bacchanal sound: the watch made no criticism of them. Farther up in the chief square called *Place d'Armes*, precisely at our entrance, a whole tide of drunk dandies rushed swiftly off, down hill before us, flourishing their sticks, and shouting 'Patrouille!'—while from the various taverns unmusical drunk melodies, done in concert, sounded very loud; and indeed from all frequented quarters sounds of drunkenness were heard; and poor Ghent seemed to have made herself a very *Chloe* reeling about with bottle-and-glass, in a most uncertain unseemly manner. However, the drunkenness was gay, good-natured in quality; neither am I sure that in quantity it exceeded

what we could have shown in Chelsea at the same hour,—except that our drunkenness (from heavy-wet and turpentine gin) is of a more silent, but also sulkier, and more distressing nature. O Gin, Gin! is there any DEVIL like thee in these times? Thou art a Power of Nature and Art, and hast thy worshippers and victims; thou art a brutal Moloch, and multitudes of men do too truly pass thro' the fire to thee!—Flandre Hôtel, after a long weary walk of perhaps some mile and half, escorted by a volunteer guide in sabots and ragged blouse, was at length discovered, in a quiet wide street, far to the south-east: it opened its hospitable gates without difficulty; cheerfully exhibited two single bedrooms, one double bedroom; provided kickshaw supper, of which I remember only some slice of leathern '*rosbif*,' which I could not eat for toughness; some horrid cut of cold salmon with yellow clear jelly poured over it, which I would not for five guineas have tried to eat; and a small glass of genuine *Schiedam* Hollands Punch, which by industry I procured for myself, in preference to *vin de nuit*, or any other wine or thing, and swallowed as at once refection and medicament, which in some sort it proved to me. Our vast *salle à manger*, for all its size, was suffocating hot, glaring indeed with gas-light to help it; and when we opened the windows, jolly faces from the street looked in more than once;—were answered good-humouredly with a '*Monsieur, ce n'est pas joli!*' or the like, which instantly procured their withdrawal. Bed was welcome after midnight: a neat papered room of good height, without fireplace, with high French bed; so oven-hot, that one had to fling the whole window wide open, and tho' a sudden deluge of rain was now falling, keep it wide open. We looked, as I could observe, into a square back-court, were on the third story; the two Spring Rices in their double room lay on one hand of me, the Captain in his single one on the other: the room doors opened by a brass handle, not round or oval like ours, but long and small like some brass head of a big gimlet; and to your door the maid delivered a key with your number labelled on it by a wooden ticket: with this you, at pleasure, comfortably locked yourself in.

[Shortly after four the profound clang of church-bells, reinforced and succeeded by the baying of dogs, crowing of manifold cocks and cockerels, and close below in our courtyard by the rumble of some big omnibus or waggon getting awake and under way, forbade any farther sleep. How the ear of man is tortured in this Terrestrial Planet. Go where you will the cock's shrill clarion,

the dog's harsh watch-note, not to speak of the melody of jack-asses, and on streets, wheelbarrows, wooden clogs, loud-voiced men, perhaps watch-men beat upon the hapless brain; and as if all were not enough, the 'Piety of the Middle Ages' has founded tremendous bells, and the hollow triviality of the present age, far worse, has everywhere instituted the Piano! Why are not at least all those cocks and cockerels boiled into soup, into everlasting silence? Or if the Devil, some good night, should take his hammer, and smite into shivers all and every the Pianos of our European world, so that in broad Europe there were not one Piano left soundable, would the harm be great; would not on the contrary the relief be considerable? For once that you hear any real music from a Piano do not you five hundred times hear mere artistic somersets, distracted jangling, and the hapless pretence of music? Let him that has lodged wall-neighbour to an Operatic artist of stringed music say! This miserablest young woman that now in the next house to me spends all her young bright days, not in learning to darn stockings, sew shirts, bake pastry, or any art, mystery or business that will profit herself or others, not even in amusing herself, and skipping on the grass-plots with laughter of her mates, but simply and solely in raging, from dawn to dusk, to night and midnight, on a hapless Piano, which it is evident she will never in this world learn to render musical,—more musical than a pair of barn-fanners: the miserable young female! The sound of her through the wall is to me an emblem of the whole distracted hollow misery of this age; and her barn-fanners rhythm becomes all-too significant.

At Ghent that morning, I rose in my long thick night-shirt (which reaches to the ancles), buckled on my stock, and taking a chair at the window, comfortably smoked a cigar, the wind serving to carry off the smoke; and watched the dappled dawn rise beautifully over this new sojourn of mine. A great church, which I found afterwards to be the church of Saint-Michael, with vast roof of black-blue slate, with massive lofty old tower of fluted shape, and flat on the top, rose near at hand on the right; daws were flying and cawing round this tower; scaffolding of slaters or masons hung perched far up on the side of it: the old church and it were mildly beautiful to me in the blessed morning there. Far under it, yet above my level, rose promiscuously, chimney-shafts, fantastic ogive gables, all clean and clear, only one chimney that I saw had yet any sign of smoke. Right under me lay the inn-court, from which the awakened omnibus had now rolled away,

and where only one old ostler sat tranquilly mending a coach-saddle, right opposite, on the backmost side of the court, which seemed to be all stables, the other three sides being rooms and bed-rooms. The old man slowly sewed and tugged, occasionally beating with a hammer of extremely long thin head,—very unconscious who was overlooking him! On the upper floor, close by, which seemed to be a hayloft, there lay another ostler in blue blouse asleep among the hay. The windows on the other three sides, like my own window, were mostly open: I saw portmanteaus, carpet bags scattered about within, and at one window once for a moment appeared a lady traveller, like me roused by the bells and omnibus wheels, and looking out to see what cheer. She was pretty enough, and had wrapped herself not ungracefully in some copious modest-coloured dressing-gown: she glided in again; I suppose to the side of her sleeping spouse. She was on the right side of my inn-court: from the left side, which seemed to contain kitchens and the permanent inhabitants of the place, there issued out more than once a discreet old woman in long-eared beguine cap, and heavy stuff clothing, evidently engaged on *secret* services of the place,—such as it may be interesting not to describe! The court was all well-paved and clean, decorated with fresh ivies, with flowering and creeping shrubs, and separate fresh flower-tubs wherever possible; a good leaden gutter ran round the eaves, our window-rabbets were of white polished stone; all was right and tight, and, in its exotic shape and arrangement, yet perfection of result, a kind of pleasure to contemplate. The one chimney now smoked a little thicker,—breakfast getting ready for some industrious son of Adam, bent probably on travel or some enterprise of moment, for it was not yet five. My smoke was out, and I returned to bed. Without hope,—and with no disappointment. Cocks and cockerels painfully audible sung co-responsive far and wide, and when I artificially shut my ears (an invaluable art I have) and fell into a kind of torpor, the immeasurable droning clang of St. Michael's great Bell, 'Dong-tong!'—swinging and droning, as if it hung like an immense domed *gong* right over my head, soon threw me broad awake again! One had the consolation to think that perhaps Philip van Artevelde might have heard that selfsame clangour; that the old bell had tried to rejoice when Charles V., a new Kaiser, came into the world here. Five, or perhaps it was now half-past five, seemed to be our general hour of morning bells;—and any time henceforth about that hour thou canst fancy, What a merry place is Ghent even now! About

seven the Hon. Commissioner shook my door, and was answered by a glad, *Qui vive?* He had passed 'a shocking night,' our good Captain too had nearly been devoured 'by bugs'; of which miseries, however, neither of the two made other than a brief historical mention.

Before breakfast I walked, some minutes, our comrades having also sallied out somewhither, on the broad clear street, all washed and cool with the last-night's rain, and very pleasant on the shady side of it. Except two omnibuses, eager enough for custom, and some cart or barrow there was little movement; we seemed to be in a street chiefly of inns. Ogive gables and fine old houses, trim and painted, looked down on you; maids were busy with house-cleaning; one flunky or Savoyard male-figure, with long besom like an immense bottle-brush, was sweeping vigorously from within at the outer blinds of a high window,—vigorously, but in embarrassed manner. The street soon led down to the Scheldt River, a deep oily-looking mass of water, uncertain which way flowing; closely hemmed in by walled-banks, sometimes by sheer house-walls,—at other times the houses receded on one or both sides; and left, as here at this place, wide pleasant quays. On this quay of mine a multifarious vegetable-market was now unfolding itself. Potatoes seemed the great element; rough honest-looking country-people, of both sexes, were selling them out of sacks; selling eggs too, and sundries; old apple-women, or young boys, with their due stalls and importunities, were not wanting either. A big blunt monster of a ship was just getting towed up by men's strength; and the swivel-bridge swinging open, the crowd on both sides had to pause and accumulate for a minute. They were tow-headed, Teutonic-looking people, rather rubbishy in aspect, with cottony loose clothing tinted red with clayey work; deep freckled in complexion, and of poor stature mostly. The wheel-barrows, which seemed numerous, were narrower, but larger from their great length, and seemed a half heavier than ours. They were made narrow, I found, to go through the wickets at the end of the many foot-bridges. The Ghent waggon seemed a very primitive thing; two pairs of low broad wheels, with coarse oaken axletrees; laid on these an enormous *horse-manger*,—exactly like a manger in shape, but much stronger and perhaps two feet broad in the bottom: this, some twelve feet long of this, without *ends* or bars of any kind, was the waggon! The driver sat in the bottom of it, at the front end, with his legs hanging over; a rope-rein in his hand; the main sound of him a kind of *gollering*, 'Wo-yo!' I saw such

waggons trundling about conveniently enough, and one of them, in the course of the day, very sufficiently loaded with cut-hay bundles, —like a ship moving on its keel, so narrow was the bottom compared to the top. They must be very cheap: they were not painted; perhaps smeared with some thin-coloured brown tar, such as I saw on ships. Many of the common people wore sabots, by far the largest and coarsest I had ever seen: a great trough of wood (I suppose, birch or alder), some eighteen or twenty inches long, coarsely hewn, coarsely peaked at each end, coarsely admitting the foot; to walk in them, even in half sliding style, must be a kind of mystery. Sore for the ankles;—accordingly I found the stocking was a thick sock of sewed flannel, felted oftenest by much washing, and thick enough. Our innkeeper assured us, nevertheless, that it was not bad walking at all; that with a good wisp of hay the foot was kept soft, warm, dry even of perspiration, drier therefore than with shoes; that, above all, you could have a pair of good wooden shoes for fivepence, and they would last you well, without iron plates, for two months. Each land its custom! Wooden shoes, with dry hay-wisp and flannel felt sock, are better than the miserable blue chilblained bare-feet, or half-shod feet, I have seen among the mud and snow-slush here.

Breakfast at Ghent consisted of poor lukewarm coffee with lukewarm milk, and what you liked of a long *ring-loaf*, three-fourths of it crust, and sound-looking, but far from palatable to me. A cold hard egg too, nay a tough greasy mutton chop. Good humour, reasonable appetite, and the merry morning, made it all right. No talk of *it*;—only of this *ring-loaf*, let me record that it seems a long roll, perhaps a yard and half of very yeasty dough, rolled out to the thickness of your wrist; then the ends of it are laid together; and in this way, like a serpent-of-eternity, it is committed to the oven, and baked dry and brown; and stands there for anyone to break from who likes, a very dry morsel! After breakfast by the Hon. Commissioner's haste, and my imperfect instruction where to find him and the others, we *missed* our rendezvous; and I passed the whole forenoon by myself;—not greatly to my regret, for their object, '*pictures, art,*' &c., was by no means principally mine; but only a partial and above all a *silent* item of mine. Finding that they were verily gone out of my reach, I wandered at my own sweet will, over churches, streets, market-places, shops; enjoying no '*art*' with vain gabblement of connoisseurship, but '*Nature and Art*' in godlike silence, except where it was indispensable to speak, and ask: verily a good

way! I calculated that we should meet at the table-d'hôte dinner about half-past one; and there would still be an afternoon of it for us in company. My observations henceforth must go down pell-mell.

My rendezvous was to the 'Great Marketplace,' *Grand Marché*, as I mistakenly fancied; thither accordingly by pleasant winding streets, old and new, across bridges, erratically winding, guided and wrong-guided, I at last arrived: alas, the 'Great Market' was only the *Korn-Markt*, *Marché aux Blés*, a respectable old square, with high old houses, and a high old church, in no quarter of which was my party visible. I entered the church;—Attila Schmelzle's 'freehaven'¹; really a pleasant covert in this hot weather, and fertile with reflexions and enjoyments to a thinking man. The same high-soaring vault-roofs, long column-rows, marbled and black-marbled aisles and chapels I had seen in Bruges; with pictures, sculptured altars, carved pulpit work; now silent mostly, with women sweeping it out after the morning service; only a few devotees still lingering with a kind of attempt to pray. Beautiful august old Edifices; which it seems to my inmost heart a sin and offence to take up only as an architectural dilettantism. A far other feeling presided over the building of them; the industrious earnest decoration of them. An ancient pious burgherhood, looking ever into Eternity out of their busy Time-element, has left here a touching proof of its wealth, devoutness, generous liberality, and *taste*—I care little whether you say good or bad! The hearty, healthy outcome of robust souls to whom the Highest had descended as a familiar thing, and dwelt beside them to be practically honoured, made beautiful, impressive, significant with manifold emblems and devices and decorations, speaks nobly, mournfully to one's heart in these days. Good merchant burghers of Ghent—ah me, what a brutal heathenism are our Railway Terminuses, Pantechnicons, Show-bazaars in comparison: *good* so far as they go; yes,—but going no farther than the *beaver* principle in man will carry him; as if man had no *soul* at all, but only a work-faculty; as if Eternity were a fabulous dream, and the other world meant only (as Cunningham's Cockney had it) a 'Going to the undertaker, to be sure!'—Such thoughts crowded on me in all these places; and their architectural twirls and fantasticalities, steeples like giant pepperboxes, like slated unicorns' horns, three hundred feet in height,—like slated Mandarins, with

¹ See Carlyle's *Translations from the German*, p. 257, Library Edition—Schmelzle's *Journey to Flatz*."

slate umbrellas, like what slate or stone absurdity you will, were full of beauty and meaning to me.—

The twelve, or it may be the ten, or I know not how many, 'Stations' of the history of Christ, are painted in all these churches, in pictures generally of small size, fixed up against successive pillars of the aisles: of small merit generally as paintings, but full of an earnest childlike significance,—mournfully pointing for us into the Past, into what once had significance! In another church (I think, that of St. Nicholas), there stood ranged between the pillars all round the nave of the church, a set of fresh-painted flower-tubs (like half a firkin each) filled with earth, a delicate green shrub, something like a box-wood tree, of perhaps a yard in height, freshly and healthily growing in each; and around each little tree, at about the middle of its height, there was passed a little red ribbon, suspending a pasteboard card with inscription *Te eere*, To honour of this or the other passage in the history of *Unse lieue Vrowe*, the Virgin Mary. These flower-tubs, mounted on trestles some four feet high, with their clear green shrubs, red ribbons and inscriptions, had a quite singular effect! The roof of that church, moreover, was all of wood, rising in Gothic vault far up; fresh, tho' almost with something of an unfinished air. Sumptuous marbles of black and white; clean floor, all of checkered marble, with tombs and inscriptions; wood carving, paintings in the window-recesses, over shrines and confessionals: here as elsewhere, nothing of this was wanting. By the side of the shrines there generally hung on some black slab with gilt frame, a set of votive offerings (exactly in the old heathen style), tiny figures of teeth, legs, horses, hands, jaw-teeth, in mother-of-pearl or perhaps in silver or gold,—grateful acknowledgements that by the saint there inhabiting such and such limbs or possessions had been freed from pain or peril. Wealthy liberality, simple-mindedness, and thick darkness of ignorance strangely looked out upon you as from past ages, here in your own age. The spires and outer architecture of these buildings have a luxuriance as of plants growing in rich mould under the influence at once of heat and of darkness. Fantastic on the great scale; that is the definition of them. Confused flutings, stalks and branches; high shafts suddenly swelling out in the middle into some annular bulge, and as suddenly contracting again, the annular bulge covered on its upper and even its under side with slate,—as if these good men had wanted to build a brick Solomon's candle-stick; a brick pepperbox, as I already said: all which nevertheless, in its

Cyclopean size, in its venerable age, is altogether poetic, next door still to sacred, for you. The roofs of these edifices all of sleek blue slate (like our Welsh slate) strike you by their steepness, still more by their unexampled size,—like a whole hanging farm of slate. Of the interior pictures by Vandyke, Rubens, Van Eck or inferior persons, be nothing here said. In the Cathedral, Church of St. Bavon, so-called, I found a large squadron of priests and singers busy chaunting mass: a mass for the dead, I understood. The sound of them was as a loud not unmelodious bray, in various notes of the gamut, from clamorous eager sound of petitioning down to the depths of bass resignation, awe or acquiescence, which, reverberating from the vast roofs and walls, was or might at one time have been a very appropriate thing. I grudge terribly to listen to any 'office for the dead' as to a piece of an opera. The priests, while I was there, took their departure by a side passage, each with a small bow towards the altar, and left the rest of the affair to an effective enough squadron of singers and trumpet or bassoon men, who were seated, gravely at work, in their wooden pews in the choir. Aloft and around, as I perambulated the aisles, where some few poor people seemed faintly joining in this business, the view was magnificent; the noisy hoarse growling of the mass, roaring through these time-honoured spaces, and still calling itself worship—*ach Gott!* Turner says the Lama-Liturgy in Thibet, which often goes on all night, is likewise distinguished for its *noise*, harsh but deep mournfully impressive, and reminds you of the mass. In an outer corner of this Cathedral, opening from a solitary street in the rear, I found a little chapel with an old Gothic-arch door which stood open: approaching I found it a little closet of a place, perhaps some ten feet square, and fifteen high: on the wall right opposite the entrance was a little niche dized round with curtains, laces, votive tablets of teeth &c. at the side of it; within this niche sat a dized paltry doll, some three feet long, done with paint, ribbons and ruffles,—this was the Mother of God; on the lap of it lay a much smaller doll (literally they were dolls, such as children have)—this was itself God. Good Heavens, O ancient Earth and Sky!—Before this pair of dolls sat, in very deed, about noon of Monday gone a week, some half-dozen women, not of the lowest class, some of them with young children, busy counting their beads, applying themselves to prayer. I gazed speechless,—not in anger! An aged woman in decent black hood (perhaps a nun), sat in a little sentry-box in the corner, looking as through a small window, silently superintending the

place ; they bowed towards her before going out when their devotions were done. While I stood here for a moment there entered a stunted crooked-looking man of the most toilworn, downpressed aspect though still below middle age ; he had coarse sabots ; leathern straps on him like a chairman or porter ; his hands hard, crooked, black, the nails nearly all gone, hardly the eighth of an inch of nail belonging to each finger,—fruit of sore labour, all his days, and all his father's days,—the most perfect image of a poor drudge : he, poor drudge, put two of his horn-fingers into the holy-water, dabbed it on his brow, and folding the black horn-hands sank on his knees to pray. The low black head, and small brow, nailless fingers, face and aspect like the poorest Irishman ; praying to the two Dolls there ! You had to stand speechless. *L'homme est absurde*. At the door sat squatted a poor beggar-woman with nearly famished child, to whom I gave my sou, and walked off.

Of churches and architecture &c. be nothing more now said,—or as little more as possible ! The roof of the lofty, very large old Town-hall is still worth a word : an immense steep hanging *acre* of blue sleek slates ; but the back wall of the edifice seemed some two storeys higher than the front ; whereby it came about that the front side of the roof was out of all proportion long and the back part short,—giving you the notion of a pair of human legs, one of them cut short at mid thigh ! In the interior of the building seemed to be law-courts now sitting ; and especially some police-office with a ragged questionable population waiting in the old corridors, thro' whom and back again I walked, not perhaps without criticism in unknown Flemish tongue. Three or four solid-looking burghers stood in consultation in another corridor on the same floor, smart little figures in cylindrical *barretta* (cap) and advocate-gown issued out and in, as green spring-doors opened and closed ; but I descended the outer staircase again, and went on my way without inquiry. The streets of Ghent have all a modest respectable substantial appearance ; wonderfully clean, and the air too altogether smokeless : some half-dozen cotton-mills I found emitting real thick reek, but they stood at the outskirts, and the wind was blowing favourably towards the country quarter. French speech was more prevalent than at Bruges, and becomes, as I understand, ever more prevalent onward to Brussels : but the lower class is still generally of Dutch dialect, ignorant of any other : in a small grocer-shop, in a steep by-street, I had to bargain with the young mistress of it for a *Glass Bier* in High Dutch, which with a modicum of dumb-show brought us handsomely through. In a better

grocer-shop, in the herb-market, a woman sold me bad cigars in fluent enough French. It seems to me again a very miserable thing this of an honest Deutsch people struggling to deny its Dutchhood, and become a kind of mongrel Gallic Celts. . . .

The street population was but scanty, in the hot weather; decent, well-dressed for most part; the shopmen and women were also reasonable, cleanly figures. To the Northwest the level of the city decidedly rises. I struck into a narrow obscure street, dirty, ill-paved, evidently the abode of the lower kind of poor. Ill-starred tailors were at work here, shoemakers, solitary artisans, oftenest women, wives of artisans, with groups of dirty children, and an abundance of small dogs. The accommodation was equal in wretchedness to the worst of a British large town. The doors stood all open: a dirty small room, with a few stools &c., and litter and rubbish, dirty yellow sand on the wooden floor; here toiled and moiled the poor wife with her hungry ones; a narrow staircase, little wider than a ladder, led up to the bedroom above: this seemed to be all the house. One *clean* house, and perhaps only one, I noticed in the street: an elderly, or rather *oldish-young* woman sat working lace here, with her green pillow and pattern marked on it, with many pins, which she shifted according to need, and some fifty or forty slim little thread-bobbins, which she kept dancing hither and thither, round and among the said pins on her pattern figure, with astonishing celerity: '*Kann nit verstahn*,' answered she when I said '*Dentelle?*'—her messin-dog barked, but was rebuked by her, and she seemed to like that I should watch her a little. Poor '*oldish-young*' girl! I could see how it was with her: she had missed getting married,—perhaps by '*misfortune*,'—and now, retreated to this small shelter, which and all in it she kept clean as a new penny, she was to plait lace for the rest of her time in this world. I laid a half franc on her pillow, and went pensively my way. Aloft at the very Northwest extremity stands the Abbaye de St. Pierre, part of it still a church, of very respectable equipment; the rest changed—alas, into barracks; nay another great mass of it, outskirts, I suppose, blasted entirely away, and the ground getting itself cleared for an elevated esplanade! The view into the woody green country is pleasant enough; the railway carriages snorting and panting, as if impatient to start, just under your feet. An accurate-looking steel-grey man, whom I spoke to here, answered my inquiries; informed me farther that he was an *ancien-militaire* (poor Belgian half-pay Lieutenant, I suppose), and had fought against us English and the Duke of

York in 1793. 'Vous l'avez bien battu,' I answered; 'et enfin c'est ce qu'il a mérité! Il n'avait que rester chez lui alors, je pense!' The steel-grey man squeezed my hand at parting: poor ancien *momie* militaire! Nunneries exist still at Ghent; at least one Nunnery which I found at the other root of this Hill, close by the sedges of the Scheldt; but no Abbey or Monk establishment survives the hard times. Near by that same Nunnery, which is properly *without* the town, among rough sedgy and dock-covered spaces, between two branches of the lazy Scheldt, I entered a huge high-roofed old building, which seemed to have been a church, but was now an excellent-looking Hospital. The sentry answered civilly that I could not enter farther '*pour me promener*.' At the door I talked with an artisan, strolling idle with a child on his arm; not far off, precisely where the town ended, in the rear of a poor brown cottage, stood a poor young woman dabble-dabbling with linens in a wash-tub. Poor young sister, conquering heroes perambulate the world, where so much is going on, and this is thy share in its history: good b'ye to thee, my girl,—and see thou do thy washing *honestly*; it will then be well with thee; better than with most quack-egoists never so conquering!—At an earlier hour of the day I had entered one of the old Gate-houses, or Ports of Ghent; girt now into the *inside* of many busy streets. It was a strong black place; with huge hinges, as at Temple Bar; had been of considerable height and depth, but the interior of it now was changed into dingy vaulted *culs-de-sac* (blind alleys), in which children were sporting, the inhabitants apparently poor workmen. *Allons!*

Soon after noon the working people, generally in cleanish blouses, came along the street I was in for dinner. Cotton people, I supposed; about a half were women, also very clean and decent-looking. I sat down amid the trees in the chief square called *Place d'Armes*, where now also labourers were sitting at dinner. Their wives or some little boy had brought it out to them. In all cases, it appeared to consist of two parts—a coarse brown jug containing liquor, soup, oftenest beer, or skim-milk, flanked by a slice or two of black rye bread; this formed the out-flank, I think generally the *rear-guard* of the repast: the main battle was a coarse brown stewpan of glazed crockery (narrower at the top, like a kind of small rude hemisphere of a dish) which uniformly contained potatoes stewed with bits of broken coarse meat; all in a moist state;—eaten ravenously with a pewter fork. The dishes, I judged, had all been cooked in some common oven for a

sou or so each. The good wife sat by in a composed sorrowfully satisfied way, seeing her good man eat; what he left, before taking to the liquor jug, he carelessly handed her, and she ate it with much more neatness though also willingly enough. Good mother-kin! But the appetite of the male sex was something great! One man not far from me, a weak-built figure, almost 'without chin,' shovelled and forked with astonishing alacrity out of his stewpan, his protrusive eyes flashing all the while, and his loose eyebrows shuttling and jerking at every stroke—the whole face of him a devouring chimera! He gave the remnant (a small one, I doubt) to his boy; snatched up the black bread, and made a cut in it, at the first bite, equal to a moderate horse-shoe. Poor fellows! They all wiped their mouths, I could see, with some kind of dim cotton handkerchief drawn from their blouses for that end: they then tumbled themselves down for a half-hour of deepest ambrosial sleep.—All round this same *Place d'Armes* sat, stood, or paraded itself, as I could discern, the flower of the Ghent Donothingism, Dandyism male and female. Sumptuous Cafés, 'Salles de Réunion' were visible on this hand and that: at one door amid pillars opening into some wide hall, lounged many well-dressed Frenchified persons, merchants or lawyers, talking, or lifting their hats in solemn salute; on the opposite side of the square was a Café with extensive awnings, under which a younger section of Frenchified Donothingism sat extensively, and smoked cigars to their liquor,—sugarloaf hats white and black, moustachios, faces with no overplus of meaning: pleasant enough for the passer-by.

Our table d'hôte, where we did all joyfully meet between one and two, had nothing worth describing. It was not the main table d'hôte, which latter did not sit down till five. Four other English tourists, elderly men and elderly wives (one pair of them Scotch), joined themselves to our end of the table; a milk-faced Dutch figure or two with tow moustachios *trying* to speak English, were next visible; and far down, quite out of reach of us, sat *braves Belges*, army captains and such like—quietly intent on their victuals, and unexceptionable men. A most nut-brown young woman entered with her harp towards the end of the business, but soon went round with her wooden dish; the Scotch male tourist (instructed by a milk-faced Dutch neighbour) said, as he gave his half-franc, 'Spielen Sie noch ein wenig,' (good *Hoch-Deutsch*, too,) 'Play a little more,' which the brown girl did. After dinner we sat arcadianly, in the shady wide entrance of the inn,

on chairs, and smoked, looking out into the street : then came new promenading, new church-seeing, visit to Playhouse, Concert-room ; visit to the *Coupure*, 'Chief promenade' so-called,—where however was nothing but some dim miscellany, mostly of apple-women and idle boys, the shady river-banks all deserted at this hour. In fine, towards five o'clock, we had to settle our inn-bills, mount into the high spacious omnibus (which puts British omnibuses to shame !), and so after long confused delaying, get under way towards Ostend and England again.

Two French ladies sat in our carriage this time ; a mother and her daughter, with whom Spring Rice and I, eschewing sleep or sulky tedium, contrived to keep up a kind of brisk conversation most of the way. The mother, tho' old, was much the livelier ; small, crooked, flabby, with aquiline low-browed face (frog-face, an enemy would have said !), with small or no intelligence beyond common ; but something really graceful, dextrous and ingenious in her ways : manners decidedly well-bred, and beautiful neat little hands—her only natural beauty. The daughter, herself no longer young, sat screwed together into melancholy taciturnity for most part. Guizot, Louis Philippe, Rachel, Lafarge, &c., &c., on this commonplace element we contrived to subsist with comfort,—so graceful was our old ingenious lady. England, I could see, figured with her as the '*triste*' nation of shopkeepers, all wonderfully observant of *la belle France*—'*cette belle France que nous aimons tous !*'—in all which views we cheerfully let her persevere. Her daughter and she, both of them, got tears brought into their eyes as we spoke of the Duke of Orleans' death. I took this worthy old Française to be perhaps the widow of some Arras Judge or Advocate,—perhaps ? She had good manners, pretty hands ; and I suppose, for all her frog-face, was a coquette once ! At half-past nine, under cloud of night we bade them mild farewell, now on the sand terminus at Ostend,—where the Ship's Steward awaited us to carry the baggage, and the little Ship herself near by with a second dinner and all needful accommodation.

Thus had our little Belgium Tour, the shortest in recorded history, ended. With the next full sea, about one in the morning, we had left Ostend ; and should, had the wind answered, have been in Margate next morning at eleven, and home that same Tuesday by the Steamer as prearranged. But the night and the day proved windless, or all but windless, so that even the *Vigilant* could not make above some three or two knots in the hour. We sat in the shadow of the large sails, screened from the over-brightness of the

brightest of days ; well pleased to loiter in such delicious temperature ; to look at the clear green sea, green and pure as emerald, with the boat-keel lightly dragging through it, the great silent sky in pure and perfect hemisphere spread over it. Not till night-fall, with its stars and lamps, did we discern the North Foreland, the two rows of Margate gas-ranges, and other beacons of English land. On the morrow morning with a right brisk breeze we were swiftly rushing up the Thames-stream, overpassing its multitudes of ships ; whole marching regiments of ships, with their canvas all spread Londonward,—beautiful enough to see. The very steamers could hardly keep pace with us. Once in the brisk breeze, our little Captain steering, there went off somewhere a kind of sudden screech : our enormous jib-sail, of thin cloth, had gone in a moment, close by the rope, swift as fate ; torn to a single thread, and trailing there in the water ! The ship gave a sudden lurch, the Captain's eyes a sudden twinkle ; no other change observable : in ten minutes more they had the old sail neatly gathered in for mending, and a fresh jib-sail flying as before. To see men so perfect in their craft, *fit* for their work, and fitly ordered to it, was a pleasure. At Deptford, mate and captain ranged themselves both by the tiller for farewell, and swiftly in our swift motion, a gallant boat's-crew had made itself ready for us : we shook hands cordially with the two good men, stepped down into our places, and shot swiftly forward in our boat, the ship now turning swiftly leftwards towards anchorage. Five rowers with a boatswain ; men unsurpassable, I do not doubt, in boat navigation ! Strong tall men, all clean-shaved, clean-washed, in clean blue trousers, in massive clean checkshirts, their black neckcloths tied round their waists ; their large clean-brown hands—cunning in the craft of the sea : it was a kind of 'good joy' to look at it all. In few minutes they shot us into the Custom-house stairs, and here waving mild farewell, our travel's history concluded.

Thus had kind destiny projected us rocket-wise for a little space into the clear blue of Heaven and Freedom : thus again were we swiftly re-absorbed into the great smoky simmering crater, and London's soot-volcano had again recovered us.

BOOK - NOTES

LADY JERSEY'S forthcoming book, dealing with FIFTY YEARS OF VICTORIAN LIFE, covers a wide area, and refutes the current



LADY JERSEY

fallacy that existence for those people who were unfortunate enough to be born in Victorian days was dull and cramped. Her reminiscences, covering life in London, France, Italy, India, the Antarctic region, the Far East, and Canada, comprise an interesting record, for Lady Jersey was always in intimate touch with the best social and political circles and the most famous people of her day.

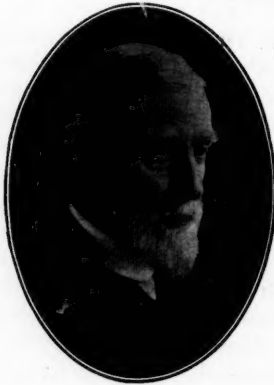
WE are so used to reading Mr.

A. C. Benson as an essayist that for him to appear with a volume of poetry is a surprise, albeit a welcome one, after his long illness. THE REED OF PAN is a collection from the anthologies of Greece, translated into English verse.

THE threatened war in the Near East has drawn the interest of every man to foreign affairs. Mr. A. L. Kennedy's book, OLD DIPLOMACY AND NEW, will, therefore, prove especially timely and informative. He writes primarily to stir the general British public to its many responsibilities in the world, that it may study more particularly our foreign policy, and appreciate its vital importance. For in the world's politics there is no greater force than British public opinion. In the course of his narrative the author traces the evolution of what has been termed the new diplomacy, of which the recent Paris Peace Conference was the severest test. A new era began with the great scientific discoveries of steam and electricity at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the consequent impulse to production quickened also the search for new markets. This meant that diplomacy no longer confined itself to Europe; its outposts must march—with commerce—to the remotest corners of the earth. Mr. Kennedy's authority to present a true picture is unquestionable, for, besides having served in the Foreign Department, he has the inherited gift, as both his father and grandfather were members of the Diplomatic Service. An Introduction to the volume is furnished by Sir Valentine Chirol.

BOOK-NOTES

THE second volume in Dr. Gore's trilogy on *THE RECONSTRUCTION OF BELIEF* is to be published on the anniversary of the original



CHARLES GORE, D.D.

appearance of *BELIEF IN GOD*, the first volume of the series. The new book, entitled *BELIEF IN CHRIST*, examines the conclusions reached and expressed by St. Paul, and tests their validity in a manner which may be well understood by the multitude.

DR. ARTHUR SHADWELL, the author of *THE ENGINEERING INDUSTRY AND THE CRISIS OF 1922*, makes clear in his opportune little volume many points which are obscure to the world at large. He holds that the recent upheaval in the engineering industry was not merely one more episode in an interminable series of troubles, but that it had a deeper significance—the fundamental question of control in all corporate undertakings. He proceeds to show that the present moment is a crucial one, and that on the correct solution of the problem now largely depends the future of this vital industry.

THE third and concluding volume of Monsignor Duchesne's *HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH* deals with what may be called the century of the Fathers of the Church—with Jerome and Augustine, Chrysostom, Cyril, Theodoret and their contemporaries, as well as with their controversies. This fifth is, on the whole, a century of melancholy, for the Church was torn with bitter internal conflict on points of doctrine and it seemed unable to arrive at a common understanding. Yet, in spite of this unfavourable setting, its outstanding figures are attractive and picturesque. The two preceding volumes covered the first five centuries of the Christian era, and have now taken their place as parts of a standard classic.

WHAT is the use of Latin, and should it be taught in secondary schools? Dr. Mackail, President of the Classical Association, answers this question in his little volume, *THE CASE FOR LATIN IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS*, and sets out for the consideration of parents and of citizens the value of the language in a practical education. He also examines and refutes the grounds on which Latin has been discredited, and the beliefs, or alleged facts, on which objections to it are based.

AN illustrated pamphlet, describing the *NINTH (SCOTTISH) DIVISION MEMORIAL* and its unveiling on April 9 of this year by one of that Division's illustrious leaders at Arras, has been written by Mr. Ian Hay. Upon the Point du Jour was turned the final page of an immortal record, and the booklet will doubtless be greatly prized by those who helped to realise the glorious history of the Division.

BOOK-NOTES

THE LETTERS AND PAPERS OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS have been collected and edited by Mr. Horatio F.



JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Brown, to whom a number of them were originally addressed. Their outstanding feature is a fine literary quality, which is becoming more and yet more rare in these strenuous and rushed days. They also furnish a curious revelation of personality.

COUNTESS ALEXANDRA OLSOUFIEFF'S charming but pathetic article on HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE GRAND DUCHESS ELISABETH FEODOROVNA OF RUSSIA has been reprinted from THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, and is now to be obtained in a pamphlet with two portraits.

THE announcement of the reduction in price of the UNIFORM EDITION OF CONAN DOYLE'S WORKS is specially welcome at this time, when our thoughts will soon be turning to the Christmas season and to the duties and pleasures involved in

the selecting of gifts. What could be more appreciated by a Doyle lover than one of these volumes—or rather, yes, of a complete set?

SIR HENRY LUCY'S SECOND DIARY OF A JOURNALIST is more than ever in demand, and so are his innumerable anecdotes. Invited to dine with the late Dean Stanley for the purpose of conference on a subject at the time evoking public interest, a gentleman found himself sole companion of his host. The *pièce de résistance* of the meal was a roast duck, which the Dean undertook to carve. Whilst ineffectually wrestling with the bird, he earnestly discussed the question at issue. One turn in the tussle with the duck by an unskilful carver sent it spinning to the floor. Undisturbed by the catastrophe, apparently unnoticed, the Dean continued his discourse. The guest, who was rather hungry, had earlier taken notice of the presence in the room of a large black cat. What if it collared the duck that seemed providentially cast in its way? As the Dean showed no signs of intermission of his homily, the guest timidly called his attention to the presence of the cat and possibility of catastrophe. "It's all right," said the Dean, smiling knowingly, "I've got my foot on the duck!"

THE publications of the Royal Agricultural Society of England are always practical and sufficiently lucid for those to whom they are addressed. The latest addition to the series is PRACTICAL FRUIT FARMING, by Mr. R. G. Hatton and Mr. Walter R. Elgar. It includes seven illustrations.

BOOK-NOTES

CERTAINLY all lovers of London should read Viscountess Cave's light-hearted and human account of Old Richmond, where moved the



THE VISCOUNTESS CAVE

holiday pageant of our kings and queens. "It was," says the *Daily Chronicle*, "a happy thought on the part of Viscountess Cave to write that story. With this book at hand, Richmond will become more interesting than ever to resident and visitor."

ALTHOUGH Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth's name will always be primarily associated in our minds with the founding of our national system of education, yet he was a man of many parts and a leading figure in the social history of the nineteenth century. His wide experience and practical philanthropy enabled him to act decisively in his administrative work, and notably during the cotton famine. A fitting tribute to his labours is found in Mr. Frank Smith's volume, *THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH*.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for December will contain, among other articles, the conclusion of OVINGTON'S BANK, by Stanley J. Weyman.

Another episode in Bennet Copplestone's series, *THE DIVERSIONS OF DAWSON*.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF A FINE SONNET, by Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who at last traces to Matthew (Fortescue) Brickdale the sonnet, "Not all who seem to fail," which appeared anonymously in F. D. Maurice's paper, "Politics for the People," in 1848, and has been variously ascribed to Charles Kingsley, to Trench, and to Conington.

IRISH SOLDIERS AND IRISH BRIGADES, by Stephen Gwynn.

THE GODS OF THE WALL, by Col. G. R. B. Spain, C.B., gives an account of the various cults introduced into Britain by the mixed troops who kept guard on the Roman wall—the great stone barrier erected as a margin to the Roman Empire across England from the Solway to the estuary of the Tyne.

These books are published by Mr. MURRAY, and may be obtained from any bookseller. Mr. Murray will be glad to send his QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS to any reader of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE on request being made to him at 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1.

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